

THE

ALDINE POETS



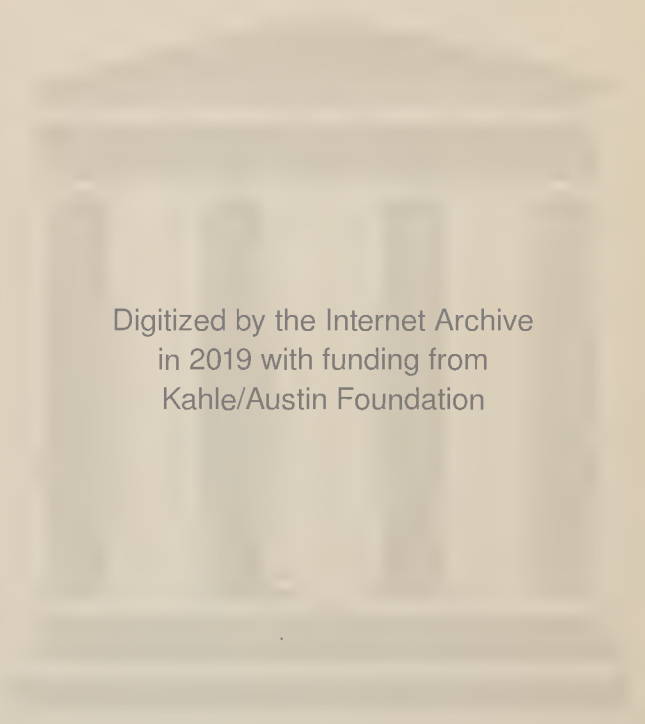
SPENSER
MCMIV



THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER
IN FIVE VOLUMES
VOL V



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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
EDMUND SPENSER

VOLUME V



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PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

LONDON.

Imprinted for William Ponsonbie,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard
at the signe of the
Bishops head.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

OST faire and vertuous Ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good means to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth. Simple is the deviee, and the composition meane, yet earrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you; and keepe with you untill, with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then, wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humbly take leave.

Your La: ever humbly;

ED. SP.



PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

IT was the month in which the righteous
Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds up-
braide

Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bowre the Sunne received ;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death,
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die, 10
Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason,
That it to Leaches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was, mongst manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe ;
And my weake bodie, set on fire with grieve,
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight there came to visite mee
Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to devise : 20
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,

They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
 With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave ;
 And sitting all in seates about me round,
 With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
 They east in course to waste the wearie howres.
 Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures ;
 Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires ,
 Some of the Faeries and their strange attires ; 30
 And some of Giaunts, hard to be beleaved ;
 That the delight thereof me much releaved.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
 The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well :
 She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
 Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
 Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided ;
 The which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 All were my spirite heavie and deseased, 40
 Ile write in termes as she the same did say,
 So well as I her words remember may.
 No Muses aide me needs heretoo to eall ;
 Base is the style, and matter meane withall.

Whilome (said she) before the world was civill,
 The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill
 And hard estate, determined to seeke
 Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke,
 For both were eraftie and unhappie witted ;
 Two fellowes might no where be better fitted. 50
 The Foxe, that first this cause of griefe did finde,
 Gan first thus plaine his ease with words unkinde.
 " Neighbour Ape, and my Goship eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide)
 To whom may I more trustely complaine
 The evill plight that doth me sore constraine,
 And hope thereof to finde due remedie ?
 Heare, then, my paine and inward agonie.
 Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne
 In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne, 60

Dooing my Countrey service as I might,
No lesse, I dare saie, than the prowdest wight ;
And still I hoped to be up aduanced,
For my good parts ; but still it hath mischauned.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And losels lifted up on high, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke :
Yet, ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Gossip privie first to make." 70
" Ah ! my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape)
Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for beecause your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke beecause my selfe am touched neare :
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whilest others alwayes have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept ;
That now unto despaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe. 80
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, arcad
Thy counsell : two is better then one head."
" Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise
In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize ;
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipsen, or a Juggeler,
And so to wander to the worldes ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend :
For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete 90
Is full of fortunes, and adventures straunge,
Continuallie subject unto chaunge.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
" Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well ;
And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t' aecompanie
In this adventures chauneefull jeopardie :

For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse
 Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse ; 100
 Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee."

The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree :
 So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
 So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
 On their intended journey to proceede ;
 And over night whatso theretoo did neede
 Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
 The morrow next, so soone as one might see
 Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
 Both their habiliments unto them tooke, 110
 And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way ;
 Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
 This hard adventure, thus began t' advise.
 " Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
 What course ye weene is best for us to take,
 That for our selves we may a living make.
 Whether shall we professe some trade or skill,
 Or shall we varie our device at will,
 Even as new occasion appeares ?
 Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares 120
 To anie service, or to anie place ?
 For it behoves, ere that into the race
 We enter, to resolve first hereupon."
 " Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
 Ye have this matter motioned in season ;
 For everie thing that is begun with reason
 Will come by readie meanes unto his end,
 But things miscounsell'd must needs miswend.
 Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
 That not to anie certaine trade or place, 130
 Nor anie man, we should our selves applie ;
 For why should he that is at libertie
 Make himselfe bond ? sith then we are free borne,
 Let us all servile base subjection seorne ;
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,

And chalenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land. 140
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought :
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creture,
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine : thrie happie then
Was the condition of mortall men. 150
That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold ;
For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot :
We will not be of anie occupation ;
Let such vile vassalls, borne to base vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle ;
But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure. 160
Free men some beggers eall, but they be free,
And they which eall them so more beggers bee ;
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other,
Who live like Lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo never thankc them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it elame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
Lords of the world ; and so will wander free
Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie :
Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so manie) 170
Light not on some that may our state amend ;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end."
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce ;
Yet well considering of the circumstaunce,

As pausing in great doubt, awhile he staid,
 And afterwards with grave advizement said :
 " I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell ;
 For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
 Of each degree) that Beggers life is best ; 180
 And they, that thinke themselves the best of all,
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
 But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne
 Into great daunger, like to bee undonne,
 Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,
 Withouten pasport or good warrantye,
 For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
 And for eare-marked beasts abroad be bruted.
 Therefore, I read that we our counsell eall,
 How to prevent this mischiefe ere it fall, 190
 And how we may, with most securitie,
 Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie."
 " Right well, deere Gossip, ye advized have,
 (Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will save,
 For ere we farther passe I will devise
 A pasport for us both in fittest wize,
 And by the names of Souldiers us protect :
 That now is thought a civile begging sect.
 Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
 For manly semblance, and small skill in warre : 200
 I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion."

The pasport ended, both they forward went ;
 The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
 In a blew jacket with a crosse of redd
 And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
 Much blood through many wounds therein receaved,
 Which had the use of his right arme bereaved.
 Upon his head an old Scotch eap he wore,
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore : 210
 His breeches were made after the new cut,
 Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut ;

And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare ;
Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare :
In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion, 220
And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and eommon infamie !
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working set ;
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed,
Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
At last they chaunst to meet upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray ;
Yet though his vesture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing :
Gay without good is good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe, him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe ! he was in sight
That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good serviee he were fit to doo ;
But little thrift for him he did it too ; 240
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him beame.

When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander loosly, first began
T' enquire, of eustom, what and whence they were ?
To whom the Ape : " I am a Souldiere,
That late in warres have spent my deerest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good ;
And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
I driven am to seeke some meanes to live : 250

Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
I would be readie, both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull serviee all my dayes.
This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state;
For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,
And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was griev'd as he had felt part of his paine; 260
And well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,
Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
To hedge, to ditech, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe?
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd,
For husbands life is labourous and hard?
Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would have slipt the eoller handsomly,
And to him said: "Good Sir, full glad am I, 270
To take what paines may anie living wight;
But my late maymed limbs laek wonted might
To doo their kindly serviees as needeth.
Searee this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure,
Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure;
But if that anie other place you have,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to save,
Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father." 280
With that the husbandman gan him avize,
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
"Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine
Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine;

But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
(Might it you please) would take on me the keep. 290
For ere that unto armes I me betooke,
Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I have not loste :
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste,
(Meaning the Foxe) will serve my sheepe to gather,
And drive to follow after their Belwether."
The Husbandman was meanly well content
Triall to make of his endeavourment ;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large, 300
Giving aecompt of th' annuall increce
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleee.
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
And the false Foxe his dog (God give them paine !)
For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run,
And doo returne from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill aecompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
Expired had the terme, that these two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels 310
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
For their false treason and vile theeverie :
For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
Had they to shew ; but ever as they bred,
They slue them, and upon their fleshies fed ;
For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will. 320
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
And when lambes fail'd the old sheepes lives they reft ;
That how t' acquite themselves unto their Lord
They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
Respite till morrow t' answere his desire ;

For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
 The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
 And bad next day that all should readie be :
 But they more subtile meaning had than he ; 330
 For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
 For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent ;
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were
 In careles sleep, they without eare or feare
 Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde.
 Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
 For a full complement of all their ill,
 They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
 Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night. 340

So was the husbandman left to his losse,
 And they unto their fortunes change to tosse :
 After which sort they wandered long while,
 Abusing manie through their cloaked guile,
 That at the last they gan to be descryed
 Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed.
 So as their begging now them failed quyte,
 For none would give, but all men would them wyte :
 Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
 But seeke some other way to gaine by giving, 350
 Much like to begging, but much better named,
 For manie beg which are thereof ashamed.
 And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
 And th' Ape a cassoeke sidelong hanging downe ;
 For they their occupation meant to change,
 And now in other state abroad to range :
 For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
 They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
 Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
 Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell, 360
 At length chaunst with a formall Priest to meete,
 Whom they in civill manner first did greeete,
 And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
 The man straight way his choler up did move,

And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile,
For following that trade so base and vile ;
And askt what lieense, or what Pas they had ?
“ Ah ! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving, 370
Or asked for their pas by everie squib,
That list at will them to revile or snib :
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles, because you shall not us misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee.”
Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were, 380
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill ;
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better :
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd :
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word, 390
Ne medled with their controversies vaine ;
All his care was, his service well to saine,
And to read Homelies upon holidayes :
When that was done, he might attend his playes ;
An easie life, and fit high God to please.
He, having overlookt their pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad ;
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad, 400
Had wayes enough for all therein to live ;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.

Said then the Foxe : " Who hath the world not tride,
 From the right way full cath may wander wide :
 We are but Novices, new come abroad,
 We have not yet the tract of anie troad,
 Nor on us taken anie state of life,
 But readie are of anie to make preife. [proved,
 Therefore might please you, which the world have
 Us to advise, which forth but lately moved, 410
 Of some good course that we might undertake ;
 Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make."
 The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
 And thereby willing to affoord them aide ;
 " It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
 Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
 Is not that name enough to make a living
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giving ?
 How manie honest men see yc arize
 Daylie therby, and grow to goodly prize ; 420
 To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
 To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries ?
 All jolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
 Who ever them envie : yet spite bites neare.
 Why should ye doubt, then, but that ye likewise
 Might unto some of those in time arise ?
 In the meane time to live in good estate,
 Loving that love, and hating those that hate ;
 Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
 Content with little in condition sicker." 430
 " Ah ! but (said th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
 To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie thrcat."
 " To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man ;
 For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
 We are but charg'd to lay the meate before :
 Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
 But God it is that feedes them with his graee,
 The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.
 Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Jewes, *All shalbe taught of God.* 440

That same hath Jesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught :
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee ;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay ;
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may,
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore.
They whilome used duly everie day
Their servicee and their holie things to say, 450
At morne and even, besides their Anthemes sweete,
Their penie Masses, and their Complynes meete,
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
Now all those needlesse works are laid away ;
Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our small devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne arc we tyde to fast, but when we list ;
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist, 460
But with the finest silkes us to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Resembling Aarons glorie in his placee :
For farre unfit it is, that person bace
Should with vile eloaths approach Gods majestie,
Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie ;
Or that all men, which anie master serve,
Good garments for their servicee should deserve ;
But he that serves the Lord of hoasts most high,
And that in highest place, t' approach him nigh, 470
And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
Both too and fro, should not deserve to weare
A garment better than of wooll or heare.
Beside, we may have lying by our sides
Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides :
We be not tyde to wilfull ehastitie,
But have the Gospell of free libertie."

By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well indue'd to be a Parson, 480
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aspire?
“ Marie, there (said the Priest) is arte indeed :
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed ;
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
First, therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,
Then to some Noble man your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldes eye, 490
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion.
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale ;
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as saintlike as Saint Radegund :
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo eurtiesie meeke :
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice secke, 500
And be thou sure one not to lacke ere long.
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way :
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche to please, to be a beetle stock
Of thy great Masters will, to seorne, or moek.
So maist thou chaunce moek out a Benefice,
Unlesse thou canst one conjure by device, 510
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick ;
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
These be the wayes by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard ;
For nothing there is done without a fee :
The Courtier needes must recompenced bee

With a Benevolence, or have in gage
 The Primitias of your Parsonage :
 Scarse ean a Bishopriek forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt in privitie. 520
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
 But of more private persons seeke elsewhere,
 Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
 For some good Gentleman, that hath the right
 Unto his Church for to present a wight,
 Will eope with thee in reasonable wise ;
 That if the living yerely doo arise
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
 Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast wonne: 530
 Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
 And he will eare for all the rest to shift,
 Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
 This is the way for one that is unlern'd
 Living to get, and not to be diseern'd.
 But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer wayes,
 For learning sake to living them to raise ;
 Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
 T' aeept a Benefice in peeeces riven. 540
 How saist thou (friend) have I not well diseourst
 Upon this Common-place, (though plaine, not wourst?)
 Better a short tale than a bad long shriving :
 Needes anie more to learne to get a living ?"

" Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)
 Ye a great master are in your degree :
 Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
 And doo not doubt but duly to eneline
 My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare."
 The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare: 550
 So parted they, as eithers way them led.
 But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
 Through the Priests holesome counsell lately tought,
 And throgh their owne faire handling wisely wroght

That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
 And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained,
 And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
 Then made they revell route and goodly glee;
 But ere long time had passed they so ill
 Did order their affaires, that th' evill will 560
 Of all their Parishners they had constraind;
 Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
 How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
 And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,
 That Pursivants he often for them sent;
 But they neglected his commaundement.
 So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
 Till at the length he published to holde
 A Visitation, and them eyted thether:
 Then was high time their wits about to geather. 570
 What did they then, but made a composition
 With their next neighbor Priest, for light condition,
 To whom their living they resigned quight
 For a few pence, and ran away by night.

So passing through the Countrey in disguise,
 They fled farre off, where none might them surprize;
 And after that long straid here and there,
 Through everie field and forrest farre and nere,
 Yet never found oceasion for their tourne,
 But almost sterv'd did much lament and mourne. 580
 At last they ehaust to meete upon the way
 The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
 With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
 And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
 Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
 But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
 Their meanesse; scaree vouchsafte them to requite.
 Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
 Said; "Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
 That I see you so goodly and so gay 590
 In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
 Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.

Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you seeret favour give."

"Foolish Foxe! (said the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed:
For well I weene, thou eanst not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate." 600

"Ay me! (said then the Foxe) whom evill hap
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the seorne of other beasts to bee:
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come yee;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting beare."

"From royall Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found: he nothing ean admire, 610
That hath not seene that heavens portrature.

But tidings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which eommon is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo rise and fall."

"But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway,
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We may seeke favour of the best of all?"

"Marie, (said he) the highest now in grace
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in ehase; 620
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
But ehiefie joyes on foote them to beholde,
Enehaste with ehaine and eireulet of golde.

So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is joy to see;
So well his golden Cirelet him beseemeth:
But his laté chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free. 630

Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
 In ease thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
 'To some of these thou must thy selfe apply ;
 Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
 So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,
 And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
 And yet full few which follow them, I see,
 For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
 But either for some gainfull benefit,
 Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit. 640
 Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
 'That ye may better thrive than thousands moe.'

"But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
 That after we may favour seeke to win?"
 "How els (said he) but with a good bold faec,
 And with big words, and with a stately pace,
 That men may thinke of you in generall,
 That to be in you which is not at all :
 For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
 (As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth. 650
 Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
 Your selves theretoo, according to ocession.
 So fare ye well ; good Courtiers may ye bee !"
 So, prouddie neighing, from them parted hee.
 Then gan this craftie couple to devize,
 How for the Court themselves they might aguize ;
 For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
 In hope to finde there happier succeesse.
 So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
 Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman, 660
 And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
 That to the Court in seemly sort they come ;
 Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
 Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
 As if he were some great Magnifico,
 And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go ;
 And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,
 Supports his credite and his countenaunce.

Then gan the Courtiers gaze on everie side,
And stare on him, with big lookes basen wide, 670
Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence :
For he was elad in strange accoustrements,
Fashion'd with queint devises, never seene
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene ;
Yet he them in newfanglenesse did pas.
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd ;
And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree ;
That all which did such strangenesse in him see 680
By seerete meanes gan of his state enquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire :
Who, throughly arm'd against such eoverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground ;
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.

Thus did the Ape at first him eredit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine 690
With gallant showe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly eomplement ;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
And all that els pertaines to reveling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his joynts.
Besides, he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in Court him served to good stead ;
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well. 700
But he so light was at legier demaine,
That what he toueht came not to light againe ;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them that they greatly him mistooke.
So would he seoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie ;

And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace :
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased. 710
But the right gentle minde woulde bite his lip,
To heare the Javell so good men to nip ;
For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and fleare
At everie thing which they heare spoken ill,
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or despite : 720
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie ;
But heares, and sees, the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie ;
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee, 730
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo :
For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie ;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worme of everie gentle brest ;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise :
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steeedes,
Now practising the prooffe of warlike deedes, 740
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,

T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most need-
 Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull, [full)
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
 And manly legs still passing too and fro,
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
 A vaine ensample of the Persian pride ; 750
 Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
 Did ever after seorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth reeoyle
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
 Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright ;
 Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
 The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts ;
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes : 760
 Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light !
 With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
 Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
 Of forreine lands, of people different,
 Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights ;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme : 770
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposis,
 And in his Princees service spends his dayes,
 Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his graee,
 And in his liking to winne worthie place,
 Through due deserts and comely earriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meete to gaine him praise :
 For he is fit to use in all assayes, 780
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
 Or else for wise and civill governauncé.

For he is practiz'd well in policie,
 And thereto doth his Courting most applie :
 To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
 To marke th' intent of Counsells, and the change
 Of states, and eke of private men somewhile,
 Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile ;
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
 T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit, 790
 Which through wise speaches and grave conference
 He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.

Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde,
 But unto such the Ape lent not his minde :
 Such were for him no fit eompanions,
 Such would deserie his lewd eonditions ;
 But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
 To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
 His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
 A thousand wayes he them could entertaîne, 800
 With all the thriftles games that may be found ;
 With mumming and with masking all around,
 With dice, with eards, with balliards farre unfit,
 With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
 With courtizans, and costly riotize,
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize :
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
 A pandares coate (so basely was he borne).
 Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
 And play the Poet oft. But ah ! for shame, 810
 Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
 Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
 Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
 Ne let such verses Poetrie be named !
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
 Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
 A servant to the vile affection
 Of such, as he depended most upon ;
 And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
 Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure. 820

To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire, 830
That chieffie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
The Sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke eorners mewd,
Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach, 840
And mocke Divines and their profession.
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to advaunce,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning meanes he could devise:
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce; yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie, 850
And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts:
But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.

Besides, he usde another slipprie slight,
 In taking on himselfe, in common sight, 860
 False personages fit for everie sted,
 With which he thousands cleanly coosined :
 Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
 With whom his eredithe he did often leave
 In gage for his gay Masters hopelesse dett :
 Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
 Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,
 Which he had never, nor ought like the same.
 Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
 Both wares and money, by exchange to win : 870
 Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell
 Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
 Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
 Thereby to coosin men not well aware :
 Of all the which there came a secret fee,
 To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.

Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
 Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while ;
 For he would learne their busines seeretly,
 And then informe his Master hastely, 880
 That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
 And beg the sute the which the other ment.
 Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
 The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
 His Master, being one of great regard
 In Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
 In case his paines were recompenst with reason.
 So would he worke the silly man by treason
 To buy his Masters frivolous good will,
 That had not power to doo him good or ill. 890
 So pitifull a thing is Suters state !
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
 That few have found, and manie one hath mist !
 Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride.
 What hell it is in suing long to bide :

To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow ;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ; 900
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres ;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres ;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend :

Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate, 910
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke,
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie :
That curse God send unto mine enemye !
For none but such as this bold Ape, unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest ;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his Master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were describe 920
At length by such as sate in justice seate,
Who for the same him fowlic did entreate ;
And having worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
That wont provide his necessaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenaunce in those his garments olde ;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncased gan deride, 930
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past all men bid take away :
So that he driven was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.

Then, elosely as he might, he cast to leave
 The Court, not asking any passe or leave ;
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,
 Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
 Till that the Foxe, his copesmate he had found,
 To whome complayning his unhappy stound, 940
 At last againe with him in travell joynd,
 And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde.

So in the world long time they wandered,
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered ;
 That them repented much so foolishly
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,
 And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
 Though eating hipps, and drinking watry some.
 Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did goe, 950
 Lo ! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
 His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
 And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide :
 Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,
 And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away ;
 For now was time (if ever they would hope)
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope, 960
 And them for ever highly to advaunce,
 In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce ;
 Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
 Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake ;
 Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe
 Where nought but dread and death do sceme in show ?
 " Now, (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
 May we his Crowne and Maec take from the ground,
 And eke his skinne, the terrors of the wood,
 Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke good) 970
 Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all
 Subject unto that powre imperiall."

“Ah! but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?”
“Fond Ape! (sayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see, 980
Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous houre in blisfull happines,
I chose before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile harted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme:
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme, 990
And I creepe under ground, both from his reach:
Therefore be rul’d to doo as I doo teach.”

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise:
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away?
“Marie, that shall your selfe, (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo; 1000
Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
And ever thinke a Kingdome is your part.”
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adventer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of everie leafe that stir’d him by,
And everie stick that underneath did ly.
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent 1010

To everie sound that under heaven blew ;
 Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,
 That it good sport had been him to have eyde :
 Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)
 Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,
 And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside
 Into a secret corner unespide.

Whether whenas they came they fell at words,
 Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords : 1020

For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambitious ;
 And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous ;
 That neither pleased was to have the rayne
 Twixt them divided into even twaine,
 But either (algates) would be Lords alone ;
 For Love and Lordship bide no paragone.

" I am most worthie, (said the Ape) sith I
 For it did put my life in jeopardie :

Thereto I am in person and in stature
 Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creature, 1030

So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
 And borne to be a Kingly soveraigne."

" Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are astray :

For though to steale the Diademe away
 Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
 Did first devise the plot by pollicie ;

So that it wholly springeth from my wit .

For which also I claime my selfe more fit
 Than you to rule ; for government of state

Will without wisdomc soone be ruinate. 1040

And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape

Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape

In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite ;

But I therein most like to him doo merite,

For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse,

The title of the Kingdome to possesse.

Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are

Unto this point, we will appease our jarre ;

And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and government, 1050
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counsell'd by mee;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And hereupon an oath unto me plight."

The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore; for who would not oft sweare,
And oft unsweare, a Diademe to beare?
Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke; 1060
But it dissembled, and upon his head
The Crowne, and on his baeke the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then, when he was all dight, he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seene
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
There the two first whome he eneountred were
The Sheepe and th' Asse, who, stricken both with feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye;
But unto them the Foxe alowd did ery, 1070
And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
Upon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly, naythles, were they restrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there dissuaded them from needlesse feare,
For that the King did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte,
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad; ne would his majestye
Use them but well, with gracious elemeneye, 1080
As whome he knew to him both fast and true.
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,

He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
 Which with the simple Camell raged sore
 In bitter words, seeking to take oecasion
 Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion : 1090
 But soone as they this moek-King did espy,
 Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
 Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was.

He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
 As eurrant, sent the Foxe to them streight way,
 Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray ;
 And if that wrong on cyther side there were,
 That he should warne the wronger to appeare
 The morrow next at Court, it to defend ;
 In the meane time upon the King t' attend. 1100
 The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
 That the proud beasts him readily obeyd :
 Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomaek woxe,
 Strongly eneorag'd by the crafty Foxe ;
 That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
 And all the Beasts him feared as they ought,
 And followed unto his palaice hye ;
 Where taking Conge, each one by and by
 Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
 Full of the feared sight which late they sawe. 1110

The Ape, thus seized of the Regall throne,
 Eftsones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
 Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
 That so his rule might lenger have enduranc.
 First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
 That none might enter but with issue hard :
 Then, for the safegard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed ; 1120
 For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
 Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures :

With those himselfe he strenghtned mightelie,
 That feare he neede no force of enemie.
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill;
 And all wyldc beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
 And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures.
 No care of justice, nor no rule of reason, 1131
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
 But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
 And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce:
 Such followes those whom fortune doth advaunce.

But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part;
 For whatsoever mother-wit or arte
 Could worke, he put in prooffe: no practisc slie,
 No counterpoint of cunning policie, 1140
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
 But he the same did to his purpose wring.
 Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
 But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
 All offices, all leases by him lept,
 And of them all whatso he liktē he kept.
 Justice he solde injustice for to buy,
 And for to purchase for his progeny.
 Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was;
 But, so he got it, little did he pas. 1150
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
 And with the sweete of others sweating toyle;
 He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
 And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices:
 He cloathed them with all colours, save white,
 And loded them with lordships and with might,
 So much as they were able well to beare,
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken were:
 He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
 And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let: 1160
 No statute so established might bee,
 Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee

Would violate, though not with violence,
 Yet under colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
 And reekned him the kingdomes corner stone.
 And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
 His long experience the platforme was :
 And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
 The cloke was eare of thrift, and husbandry, 1170
 For to encrease the common treasures store ;
 But his owne treasure he encreased more,
 And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;
 The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast
 To ruine (for what thing can ever last ?)
 And whilest the other Peeres, for povertie,
 Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
 And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
 Which their forefathers, famous over all, 1180
 Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
 And for their memories long monument :
 But he no count made of Nobilitie,
 Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
 The Realmes chieffestrength and girdond of the crowne.
 All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
 Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace ;
 For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
 Of men of armes he had but small regard,
 But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard. 1190
 For men of learning little he esteemed ;
 His wisdome he above their learning deemed.
 As for the rascall Commons least he cared,
 For not so common was his bountie shared :
 Let God, (said he) if please, care for the manie,
 I for my selfe must eare before els anie.
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
 Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine,
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine. 1200

Ne would he anie let to have accesse
Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse,
For all that els did come were sure to faile.
Yet would he further none but for availe ;
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the Court, her ease there to complaine ;
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemye,
Hath sithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie, 1210
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
" Soft, Gooddie Sheepe, (then said the Foxe) not soe
Unto the King so rash ye may not goe ;
He is with greater matter busied
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne, certes, may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot ;
For there was cause, els doo it he would not : 1220
Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence depart."
So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart :
So manie moe, so everie one was used,
That to give largely to the boxe refused.

Now when high Jove, in whose almightie hand
The care of Kings and power of Empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes, with his blacklidded eye,
Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines, 1230
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did welde,
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
Had all subverst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
And driven downe to hell, his dewest meed :
But, him avizing, he that dreadfull deed

Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
 Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name 1240
 Unto the world, that never after anie
 Should of his race be voyd of infamie;
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
 From whence he never should be quit, nor stal'd.
 Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
 And bad him flie with never resting speed
 Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
 And there enquiring privily, to learne
 What did of late chaunce happen to the Lyon stearne,
 That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought? 1251
 And whence were all those plaints unto him brought
 Of wronges, and spoyles, by salvage beasts committed?
 Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
 Into his seate, and those same treachours vile
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.

The Sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd
 That word, streight with his azure wings he cleav'd
 The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
 Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent 1260
 Unto the place where his prescript did showe.
 There stouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
 He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,
 And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
 Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came.
 Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame;
 And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall hew,
 Which wons to decke the Gods immortall crew,
 And beautefe the shinie firmament,
 He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement. 1270
 So, standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
 Both of the King, and of his government,
 And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:
 And evermore he heard each one complaine
 Of foule abuses both in realme and raine;

Which yet to prove more true he meant to see,
 And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
 Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
 Which maketh him invisible in sight, 1280
 And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them thinke it but a vision. [swords;
 Through power of that, he runnes through enemies
 Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
 Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle;
 Through power of that, his cunning theeveries
 He wons to worke, that none the same espies;
 And, through the power of that, he putteth on
 What shape he list in apparition. 1290
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He tooke Caduceus, his snakie wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
 With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
 And feare the hearts of all his enemies;
 And, when him list, an universall night
 Throughout the world he makes on everie wight;
 As when his Syre with Aleumena lay.

Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way, 1300
 Both through the gard, which never him deseride,
 And through the watchmen, who him never spide:
 Theneeforth he past into each secrete part,
 Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
 Each plaee abounding with fowle injuries,
 And fild with treasure rackt with robberies;
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
 Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beheasts:
 Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
 And lawlesnes rainging with riotize; 1310
 Besides the infinite extortions,
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
 'That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
 Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,

He would no more endure, but came his way,
 And cast to seeke the Lion where he may,
 That he might worke the avengement for this shame
 On those two caytives, which had bred him blame.
 And, seeking all the forrest busily,
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly. 1320
 The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
 From underneath his head he tooke away,
 And then him waking, fore'd up to rize.
 The Lion looking up gan him avize,
 As one late in a traunce, what had of long
 Beeome of him; for fantasie is strong.
 "Arise, (said Mereurie) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
 The whilst thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
 And thy throne royall with dishonour blent: 1330
 Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame."

Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;
 And, rousing up himselfe, for his rough hide
 He gan to reach, but no where it espide.
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
 And chafte at that indignitie right sore:
 But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted,
 Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted;
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours,
 To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
 With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
 He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
 And all the way he roared as he went,
 That all the forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon, 1350
 And manie warders round about them stood:
 With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,

That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartles left;
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were rest,
 Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
 But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard, 1360
 And to the Lion came, full lowly ereeping,
 With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
 T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion.
 Nath'les the royall Beast forbore beleaving,
 But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.

Then, when he saw no entraunee to him graunted,
 Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
 Upon those gates with force he fiereely flewe,
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe 1370
 Those warders strange, and all that els he met.
 But th' Ape still flying he no where might get:
 From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
 All breathles, and for feare now almost ded;
 Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and eaught,
 And forth with shame unto his judgement brought.
 Then all the beasts he eaus'd assembled bee,
 To heare their doome, and sad ensample see.
 The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,
 He did unease, and then away let flie : 1380
 But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
 Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
 Since which all Apes but halfe their eares have left,
 And of their tales are utterlie bereft.

So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end,
 Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend;
 For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.



THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

YE heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never
die

Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest ;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep Abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell.
Thrice having scene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing !

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeple high shot up in ayre ;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faire ;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Joves great Image in Olympus placed ;
Mausolus worke will be the Carians glorie ;
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced :

The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
 The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
 And what els in the world is of like worth,
 Some greater learned wit will magnific:

But I will sing above all moniments [ments.
 Seven Romane Hills, the worlds Seven Wonder-

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
 And nought of Rome in Rome perceivst at all,
 These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
 Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men call.
 Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
 And how that she, which with her mightie powre
 Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last;
 The pray of time, which all things doth devoure!
 Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
 And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
 Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
 Remaines of all. O worlds inconstancie!

That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
 And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

She, whose high top above the starres did sore, . 4
 One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
 One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
 Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing;
 Jove fearing, least if she should greater growe,
 The old Giants should once againe uprise,
 Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills, which be nowe
 Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the skies:
 Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnall,
 Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
 Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
 On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
 And Cælian on the right; but both her feete
 Mount Viminall and Aventine doo meete.

Who lists to see what ever nature, arte, 5
 And heaven could doo, O Rome! thee let him see,

In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
 By that which but the picture is of thee.
 Rome is no more: but if the shade of Rome
 May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
 It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
 By Magicke skill out of eternall night.
 The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
 And her great spirite, rejoyned to the spirite
 Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;
 But her brave writings, which her famous merite
 In spight of time out of the dust doth reare,
 Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

Such as the Berecynthian Goddesse bright, 6
 In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
 Proud that so manie Gods she brought to light;
 Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
 'This Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
 Renown'd for fruite of famous progenie,
 Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
 But by her selfe, her equall match could see.
 Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
 And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble
 So did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,
 That other earthlie power should not resemble
 Her that did match the whole earths puisaunce,
 And did her courage to the heavens aduaunce.

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights, 7
 Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
 Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
 The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine;
 Triumphant Arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie,
 That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall;
 Alas! by little ye to nothing flie,
 The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:
 And though your frames do for a time make warre
 Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate

Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
 My sad desires, rest therefore moderate ;
 For if that time make ende of things so sure,
 It als will end the paine which I endure.

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd, 8
 That one would weene that one sole Cities strength
 Both land and sea in roundnes had suruew'd,
 To be the measure of her bredth and length :
 This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
 Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
 Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
 The lowest earth join'd to the heaven hie ;
 To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
 Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight ;
 And that though time doth Commonwealths devowre,
 Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
 That her head, earth'd in her foundations deep,
 Should not her name and endles honour keep.

Ye eruell starres, and eke ye Gods unkinde, 9
 Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature !
 Be it by fortune, or by eourse of kinde,
 That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature ;
 Why have your hands long sithenec traveiled
 To frame this world that doth endure so long ?
 Or why were not these Romane palaces
 Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong ?
 I say not, as the eommon voyec doth say,
 That all things which beneath the Moone have being
 Are temporall, and subject to decay :
 But I say rather, though not all agreeing
 With some that weene the contrarie in thought,
 That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by earmes 10
 Ateheiv'd the golden Fleeeiv in Colchid land,
 Out of the earth engendred men of armes
 Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the saered sand ;

So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie daies
 An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
 Did fill with her renowned nourslings praise
 The fire sunnes both one and other hous :
 But they at last, there being then not living
 An Hercules so ranke seed to repressse,
 Emongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
 Now'd downe themselves with slaughter mercilesse ;
 Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
 Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head 11
 To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
 Puft up with pride of Romane hardiehead,
 Seem'd above heavens powre it selfe to aduancee ;
 Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
 With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
 Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath
 Into the Gothiecke colde hot rage instil'd.
 Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
 To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,
 And beating downe these walls with furious mood
 Into her mothers bosome, all did marre ;
 To th' end that none, all were it Jove his sire,
 Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire,

Like as whilome the children of the earth 12
 Heapt hils on hils to scale the starric skie,
 And fight against the Gods of heavenly berth,
 Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let flie,
 All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
 The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
 That th' earth under her childrens weight did grone,
 And th' heavens in glorie triumpht over all :
 So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
 On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare
 Over the world, and lift her loftie faec
 Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.

But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

Nor the swift furic of the flames aspiring, 13
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, (Rome) their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced,
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

As men in Summer fearles passe the foord 14
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard
The ploughmans hope and shepheards labour vaine;
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble Lion after his lives end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
Daring the foe that cannot him defend:
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde;
So those, which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,
And, conquer'd, dare the Conquerour disdaine.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts, 15
Which, joying in the brightnes of your day, [boasts
Brought foorth those signes of your presumptuous
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye spirits, (sith the darksome river
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,

Doo not restraine your images still mourning)
 Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
 Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
 Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
 When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
 Of these old Romane works, built with your hands,
 Now to become nought els but heaped sands?

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farre 16
 In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
 Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
 Against a Rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse:
 Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
 Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,
 Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in wast,
 To stop his wearie eariere suddenly:
 And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
 Gathered in one up to the heavens to spyre,
 Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily,
 So whilom did this Monarehie aspyre,
 As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all,
 Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

So long as Joves great Bird did make his flight, 17
 Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
 Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous might,
 With which the Giaunts did the Gods assay;
 But all so soone as scorching Sunne had brent
 His wings which wont the earth to overspredd,
 The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
 That antique horror, which made heaven adredd.
 Then was the Germane Raven in disguise
 That Romane Eagle seene to cleave asunder,
 And towards heaven freshly to arise
 Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to powder;
 In which the foule, that serves to beare the lightning,
 Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see,
 Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle;

And these brave Pallaces, which maystred bee
 Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
 Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornament,
 And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele :
 Eftsoones their rule of yearely Presidents
 Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deele ;
 Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
 That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
 Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
 Her power to Peters successor betooke ;

Who, shepheardlike, (as fates the same foreseeing)
 Doth shew that all things turne to their first being.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies ; 19
 All that's imperfekt, borne belowe the Moone ;
 All that doth feede our spirits and our eies,
 And all that doth consume our pleasures soone ;
 All the mishap the which our daies outweares,
 All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
 Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
 Like a Pandora, locked long in store.
 But destinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
 In which all good and evill was enclosed,
 Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
 Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed ;
 But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
 Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

No otherwise than raynic cloud, first fed 20
 With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
 Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
 Doth plunge himselfe in Tethis bosome faire ;
 And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
 With his great bellie spreads the dimned world,
 Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
 In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is hord ;
 This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
 Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height,

That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
 At last, not able to beare so great weight,
 Her power, disperst through all the world, did vade;
 To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissaunee 21
 Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave Citie,
 Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
 Sustain'd the shocke of common enmitie;
 Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
 Had all the world in armes against her bent,
 Was never seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
 Could breake her course begun with brave intent.
 But, when the object of her vertue failed,
 Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
 As he that having long in tempest sailed,
 Faine would arive, but eannot for the storme,
 If too great winde against the port him drive,
 Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

When that brave honour of the Latine name, 22
 Which mear'd her rule with Africa, and Byze,
 With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
 And they which see the dawning day arize;
 Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
 Harten against her selfe her conquer'd spoile,
 Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
 Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:
 So, when the compast course of the universe
 In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
 The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
 To their first discord, and be quite undonne:
 The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
 Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

• O! warie wisdom of the man, that would 23
 That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,
 To th' end that his victorious people should
 With canering laisure not be overworne:

He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage,
 Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
 Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
 And be her selfe the matter of her fires;
 For, in a people given all to ease,
 Ambition is engendred easily;
 As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
 Soone growes through humours superfluitie. [pride,
 That came to passe, when, swolne with plenties
 Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft, 24
 Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
 Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
 Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts,
 What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
 Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,
 That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
 Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
 Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie,
 Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
 Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
 Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
 Upon your walls, that God might not endure
 Upon the same to set foundation sure?

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe, 25
 For to awake out of th' infernall shade
 Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
 The which this auncient Citie whilome made!
 Or that I had Amphions instrument,
 To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
 The stonie joynts of these old walls now rent,
 By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
 Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
 Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
 By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
 I would assay with that which in me is,

To builde, with leuell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure, 26
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
But him behooves to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
For th' auncient Plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

Thon that at Rome astonisht dost behold 27
The antique pride which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie;
Judge, by these ample ruines vew, the rest
The which injurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best;
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then also marke, how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would judge, that the Romaine Dæmon
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforee,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead, 28
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees olde,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,

And on her trunke, all rotten and unsound,
 Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes ;
 And though she owe her fall to the first winde,
 Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
 And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde :
 Who such an Oke hath seene, let him record
 That such this Cities honour was of yore,
 And mongst all Cities florished much more.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise, 29
 All that which Greece their temples to embrace
 After th' Ionicke, Attiecke, Doricke guise ;
 Or Corinthe skil'd in eurious workes to grave ;
 All that Lysippus practike arte eould forme,
 Apelles wit, or Phidias his skill,
 Was wont this auneient Citie to adorne,
 And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill ;
 All that which Athens ever brought forth wise ;
 All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange ;
 All that which Asie ever had of prise,
 Was here to see. O mervelous great change !
 Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament,
 And, dead, is now the worlds sole moniment.

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first shoves, 30
 Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,
 And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
 Which eare the frutefull grainc doth shortly bring ;
 And as in season due the husband mowes
 The waving lockes of those faire yeollow heares,
 Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rowes,
 Upon the naked fields in stacks he reares :
 So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
 Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 And left of it but these olde markes to see,
 Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill :
 As they which gleane the reliques use to gather,
 Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to seatter.

That same is now nought but a champaign wide, 31
 Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
 No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
 By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
 Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
 Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brineks,
 Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemaine,
 Nor the borne Souldier which Rhine running drinks:
 Thou onely cause, O Civill furie! art,
 Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spight,
 Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
 To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight,
 To greatnes growne through long prosperitie,
 Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.

Hope ye, my verses, that posteritie 32
 Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
 Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
 So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
 If under heaven anie endurancie were,
 These moniments, which not in paper writ,
 But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
 Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
 Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
 Cease not to sound these olde antiquities;
 For if that time doo let thy glorie live,
 Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,
 That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
 Th' olde honour of the people gown'd long.

L'Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie 33
 That Franee brought forth, though fruitfull of brave
 wits,
 Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
 That long hast traveld, by thy learned writs,
 Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
 And give a second life to dead decays!

Needes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes :
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse
Exeelling all that ever went before.

And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almightye to adore.

Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame !



MUIOPOTMOS,

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND

VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LADIE CAREY.

LONDON.

Imprinted for William Pontonbie,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard
at the signe of the
Bishops head.

1590.

TO
THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE;
THE LA: CAREY.



MOST brave and bountifull La: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaves, as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my selfe wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde and humble zeale which I beare unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service therof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and uoble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spread in the mouths of al men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and under your name to commend to the world this small Poëme, the which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever humbly;

E. S.



MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.



SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis de-
spight,

Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and prooffe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition and hartswelling hate,
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull seorne endure; that from small jarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne! 10
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes: And is there then
Such raneour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,

Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
 Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
 Of Muscaroll; and in his fathers sight
 Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
 Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
 Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed,
 Above th' ensample of his equall peares,
 Did largely promise, and to him forered,
 (Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares) 30
 That he in time would sure prove such an one,
 As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh young flie, in whom the kindly fire
 Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
 Did much disdaine to subject his desire
 To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
 But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
 Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast;
 And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
 Of the wide rule of his renowned sire. 40

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
 That from this lower traet he dar'd to stie
 Up to the elowdes, and thencee with pinions light
 To mount aloft unto the Cristall skie,
 To view the workmanship of heavens light:
 Whence down deseending he along would flie
 Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde;
 And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a Summers day, when season milde
 With gentle ealne the world had quieted, 50
 And high in heaven Hyperion's fierie childe
 Ascending did his beames abroad dispreed,
 Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures, smilde,
 Yong Clarion, with vauntfull lustie head,
 After his guize did east abroad to fare;
 And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,
 Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
 That mought his life from yron death assure,
 And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound ; 60
 For it by arte was framed to endure
 The bit of balefull steele, and bitter stownd,
 No lesse then that which Vulcane made to sheild
 Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
 In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
 And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee ;
 Which, spredding all his baeke, with dreadfull view
 Made all, that him so horrible did see, 70
 Thinke him Aleides with the Lyons skin,
 When the Næmean Conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering Burganet,
 The which was wrought by wonderous device
 And euriouly engraven, he did set :
 The metall was of rare and passing price ;
 Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
 Nor costly Oricalehe from strange Phœnicie,
 But such as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
 And th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard. 80

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
 Strongly outlauned towards either side,
 Like two sharpe speares his enemies to gore :
 Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
 To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore
 The engines which in them sad death doo hyde :
 So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
 Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly his shinie wings as silver bright,
 Painted with thousand colours, passing farre 90
 All Painters skill, he did about him dight :
 Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre

In Iris bowe ; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
 Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre ;
 Nor Junoes Bird in her ey-spotted traine
 So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken ?)
 The Archer God, the sonne of Cytheree
 That joyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
 And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see, 100
 Beares in his wings so manie a echangefull token.
 Ah, my liege Lord ! forgive it unto mee,
 If ought against thine honour I have tolde ;
 Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
 Beholding them, him seeretly envide,
 And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft
 And golden faire, her Love would her provide ;
 Or that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
 Some onc, that would with grace be gratifide, 110
 From him would steale them privily away,
 And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is, that dame Venus, on a day
 In spring, when flowres doo clothe the fruitful ground,
 Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
 Bad her faire damzels, flocking her arownd,
 To gather flowres her forhead to array :
 Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
 Hight Astery, exeelling all the erewe
 In curteous usage and unstained hewe ; 120

Who bceing nimbler joynted than the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the fields honour than the others best ;
 Which they in secret harts envying sore,
 Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest
 She praisd, that Cupide (as they heard before)
 Did lend her seeret aide, in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering jealous feare,
 Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe 130
 Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
 And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
 Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare,
 Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
 And giving hastie credit to th' accuser,
 Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell, by her heavenly might,
 She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
 In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
 And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie 140
 Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
 She placed in her wings, for memorie
 Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
 Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
 Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
 And with good speed began to take his flight.
 Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse,
 And all the champion o're he soared light;
 And all the countrey wide he did possesse, 150
 Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
 That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes green,
 With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
 Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
 Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
 But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,
 Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:
 His choicefull sense with every change doth flit.
 No common things may please a wavering wit. 160

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
 Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
 There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
 Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;

And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
 T' excell the naturall with made delights ;
 And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
 In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
 From bed to bed, from one to other border, 170
 And takes survey, with eurious busie eye,
 Of every flowre and herbe there set in order :
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,
 But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most varietie
 And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete)
 He easts his glutton sense to satisfie,
 Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete, 180
 Or of the deaw which yet on them does lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feete ;
 And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
 To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
 To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise ;
 The wholesome Saulge, and Lavender still gray,
 Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
 The Roses raining in the pride of May,
 Sharpe Isope good for greene wounds remedies, 190
 Faire Marigoldes, and Bees-alluring Thime,
 Sweet Marjoram, and Daysies decking prime :

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
 Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
 Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
 Dull Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
 Veyne-healing Verven, and hed-purging Dill,
 Sound Savorie, and Bazil hartie-hale,
 Fat Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
 Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine. 200

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
 Grewe in this Gardin, feteht from farre away,
 Of everie one he takes, and tastes at will,
 And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
 Then, when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
 In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
 And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
 Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly joyaunce.

What more felieitie can fall to creature
 Then to enjoy delight with libertie, 210
 And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
 Who rests not pleased with such happines,
 Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state,
 Or who can him assure of happie day,
 Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
 And least mishap the most blisse alter may? 220
 For thousand perills lie in close awaite
 About us daylie, to worke our deeay;
 That none, except a God, or God him guide,
 May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso heavens in their seeret doome
 Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight
 Foreecast, but it must needs to issue come?
 The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
 And th' armies of their creatures all and some
 Do serve to them, and with importune might 230
 Warre against us, the vassals of their will.
 Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though fairest thou
 Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
 Whose cruell fate is woven even now
 Of Joves owne hand, to worke thy miserie.

Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
 Which thy old Sire with sacred pietie
 Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent :
 Nought may thee save from heavens avengement. 240

It fortun'd (as heavens had behight)
 That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
 Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
 The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
 The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spight,
 Had lately built his hatefull mansion ;
 And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay,
 How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterflie
 In this faire plot displacing too and fro, 250
 Feareles of foes and hidden jeopardie,
 Lord ! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
 And to his wicked worke each part applie.
 His heart did earne against his hated foe,
 And bowels so with ranekling poyson swelde,
 That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced
 Was (as in stories it is written found)
 For that his mother, which him bore and bred,
 The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground, 260
 Araeline, by his meanes was vanquished
 Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
 When she with her for excellence contended,
 That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddessse, having hard
 Her blazed fame which all the world had fil'd,
 Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward
 For her prais-worthie workmanship to yeild ;
 But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd 270
 The Goddessse selfe to chalenge to the field,
 And to compare with her in curious skill
 Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
 But deign'd with her the paragon to make :
 So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
 What storie she will for her tapet take.
 Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuse
 Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
 Her through the sea did beare ; so lively seenc,
 That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would wenc. 280

Shee seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
 And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
 The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
 Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare ;
 But (Lord !) how she in everie member shooke,
 When as the land she saw no more appeare,
 But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe :
 Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
 With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering 290
 Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove ;
 The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring
 A burning Teade about his head did move,
 As in their Syres new love both triumphing :
 And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
 And manie Tritons which their hornes did sound.

And, round about her worke she did empale
 With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
 Enwoven with an Yvie-winding trayle :
 A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres ; 300
 Such as Dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
 That al good things with venemous tooth devowres,
 Could not aecuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
 Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.

She made the storic of the olde debate
 Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie :
 Twelve Gods doo sit around in royall state,
 And Jove in midst with awfull Maiestie,

To judge the strife betweene them stirred late :
 Each of the Gods, by his like visnomie 310
 Eathe to be knowen ; but Jove above them all,
 By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
 Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
 And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace ;
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
 The signe by which he chalengeth the place ;
 That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might,
 Did surely deeme the victorie his due :
 But seldome seene, forejudgement proveth true. 320

Then to her selfe she gives her Aegide shield,
 And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
 Such as she oft is seene in warlike field :
 Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
 She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did
 A fruitfull Olyve tree, with berries spredd, [yield
 That all the Gods admir'd : then, all the storie
 She compast with a wreathe of Olyves hoarie.

Emongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,
 With excellent device and wondrous slight, 330
 Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
 That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight :
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
 The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
 His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
 His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,
 She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid ;
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare, 340
 And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
 The victorie did yeeld her as her share :
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
 And all her blood to poysonous raneor turne :

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
 Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
 She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
 Pined with grieve of folly late repented :
 Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
 To crooked crawlingshankes, of marrowe emptied; 350
 And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe,
 And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
 Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
 So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
 His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
 And weaving straight a net with manic a fold
 About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely sponne that scarce they could be spide. 360

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
 In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,
 Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
 In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne,
 Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost,
 Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,
 Might in their divers cunning ever dare
 With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
 The which the Lemnian God framde craftily, 370
 Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
 That all the Gods with common mockerie
 Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
 Was like to this. This same he did applie
 For to entrap the careles Clarion,
 That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe
 That hazarded his health, had he at all,
 But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
 In the pride of his freedome principall: 380

Little wist he his fatall future woe,
 But was secure ; the liker he to fall.
 He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
 That is regardles of his governaunce

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was light)
 Lay lurking covertly him to surprise ;
 And all his gins, that him entangle might,
 Drest in good order as he could devise.
 At length, the foolish Flie, without foresight,
 As he that did all daunger quite despise, 390
 Toward those parts came flying carclesslie,
 Where hidden was his hatefullemie.

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore
 Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine ;
 And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store,
 Was fil'd with hope his purpose to obtaine :
 Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
 Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
 By his there being might not be bewraid,
 Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made. 400

Like as a wily Foxe, that having spide
 Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
 Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
 Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
 Ne stirreth limbe ; till, secing readie tide,
 He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
 Onc of the litle yonglings unawares :
 So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heaveie eyes
 A well of teares, that all may overflow ? 410
 Or where shall I finde lamentable cries,
 And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to show ?
 Helpe, O thou Tragick Muse ! me to devise
 Notes sad enough t' expresse this bitter throw :
 For loe ! the drerie stownd is now arrived,
 That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
 Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
 Or some ungracious blast, out of the gate
 Of Aeoles raue, perforce him drove on hed, 420
 Was (O sad hap, and howre unfortunate !)
 With violent swift flight forth caried
 Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
 Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, struggled long,
 Himselfe to free thereout ; but all in vaine :
 For striving more, the more in laces strong
 Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
 In lymie snares the subtill loupes among ;
 That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine, 430
 And, all his yougthly forces idly spent,
 Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
 Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
 Out of his den, he seized greedelie
 On the resistles pray ; and, with fell spight,
 Under the left wing stroke his weapon slie
 Into his heart, that his decpe groning spright
 In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,
 His bodie left the spectacle of care. 440





VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE

ONE day, whiles that my daylie cares did
sleepe, 1
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason ;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced.
On which when as my thought was throghly placed,
Unto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Ladie) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

In Summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone, 2
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe :
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten ;
But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten :
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,

Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
 And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature,
 And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased.
 So by the small the great is oft diseased.

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile 3
 Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
 In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
 That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
 Of wretched people travailing that way,
 Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
 I saw a little Bird, cal'd Tedula,
 The least of thousands which on earth abide,
 That forst this hideous beast to open wide
 The greisly gates of his devouring hell,
 And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
 Upon his jawes, that with blacke venime swell.

Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
 Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

The kingly Bird that beares Joves thunder-clap 4
 One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
 Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
 That made all other Foules his thralls to bee :
 The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
 Spide where the Eagle built his trowing nest,
 And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
 Burnt up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest :
 Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
 But drove in Joves owne lap his eggs to lay ;
 Where gathering also filth him to infest,
 Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away :

For which when as the Foule was wroth, said Jove,
 "Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove."

Toward the sea, turning my troubled eye, 5
 I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
 That makes the sea before his face to flye,
 And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe

The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
 The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
 Making his sport, that manie makes to weep :
 A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
 That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
 His wide Abyссе him forced forth to spewe,
 That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,
 And all the waves were stain'd with filthy hewe.

Hereby I learned have, not to despise
 Whatever thing seemes small in common eyes.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold, 6
 Whose baeke was arm'd against the dint of speare
 With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht golde,
 And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,
 Strove with a Spider, his unequall peare,
 And bad defiance to his enemye :
 The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
 Did in his drinke shed poyson privlie ;
 Which, through his entrailes spredding diversly,
 Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust,
 And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
 That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.

O ! how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
 The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne !

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe, 7
 Of wondrous length and streight proportion,
 That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe :
 Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
 Her match in beautie was not anie one.
 Shortly within her inmost piith there bred
 A little wicked-worme, perceiv'd of none,
 That on her sap and vitall moisture fed :
 Thenceforth her garland, so much honoured,
 Began to die, (O, great ruth for the same !)
 And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
 That shortly balde and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

Soone after this I saw an Elephant, 8
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeouslie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe, through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beasts to seorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrils ereeping, so him pained
That, easting down his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natures beautie stained.
Let therefore nought that great is therein glorie,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

Looking far foorth into the Ocean wide, 9
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunee, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All sodainely there elove unto her keele
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood, 10
Having his hunger throughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.

I saw a wasp, that fiereely him defide,
 And bad him battaile even to his jawes ;
 Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
 And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire :
 In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
 And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire ;
 That dead himself he wisheth for despight.
 So weakest may anoy the most of might.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine 11
 Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
 The nations gan their soveraigntie disdaine,
 And east to quitt them from their bondage quight :
 So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
 The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,
 Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,
 Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde.
 If then a Goose great Rome from ruine stayde,
 And Jove himselfe, the patron of the place,
 Preservd from being to his foes betrayde,
 Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
 And in their might repose their most assurance,
 Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?

When these sad sights were overpast and gone, 12
 My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
 With inward ruth and deare affection,
 To see so great things by so small distrest,
 Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest
 To scorne all difference of great and small,
 Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
 And unawares doe into daunger fall.
 And ye, that read these ruines tragicall,
 Learne by their losse to love the low degree ;
 And, if that fortune chaunee you up to call
 To honours seat, forget not what you be :
 For he, that of himselfe is most seeure,
 Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.



THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

IT was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck that runnes by Rome,
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, lo! now beholde (quoth hee)
What under this great temple placed is :
Lo! all is nought but flying vanitee!
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame, 2
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundredth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase :
Golde was the parget ; and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde

Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame :
 There many an auncient Trophée was addrest,
 And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
 Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
 That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
 Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew ;
 When lo ! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
 The honour of these noble boughs down threw :
 Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone ;
 And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
 A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave 6
 Noursing two whelpes ; I saw her litle ones
 In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
 While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones :
 I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
 And roming through the field with greedie rage
 T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood
 Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
 I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
 Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
 That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended :
 I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
 Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle ;
 Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure 7
 With feeble wings assay to mount on hight ;
 By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
 Following th' ensample of her mothers sight :
 I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
 To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
 To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
 Untill she raught the Gods owne mansions :
 There was she lost ; when suddaine I behelde,
 Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,
 All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,

And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.

I saw the foule, that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes 8
Did wash the ground work of an old great wall ;
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall :
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That townes and castles under her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
Much was I mazde to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew ;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew,
That sperst these cloudes; and, in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast, 9
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe ;
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood ;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes : his left the Palme tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull Olive wield,
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire, 10
Folding her armes to heaven with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.

"Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured faee ?
 Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
 In which all worlds felicitie had place,
 When gods and men my honour up did raise ?
 Suffis'd it not that civill warres me made
 The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
 Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
 With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
 So many Neroes and Caligulaes
 Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse ?"

Upon an hill a bright flame I did sec 11
 Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
 Which, like ineense of' preccious Cedar tree,
 With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
 A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
 Hereout up to the throne of Gods did flie,
 And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
 Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.
 Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
 On everie side a thousand shining beames ;
 When sudden dropping of a silver dew
 (O grievous chancee!) gan quench those precious
 flames,
 That it, which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
 Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle, 12
 As cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
 The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
 That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames ;
 It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
 All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long ;
 And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
 Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song :
 The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
 And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about ;
 When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
 A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,

Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the Nymphs away.

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee, 13
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare :
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing elose envie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship to which none other might compare ;
And finally the storme impetuous*
Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine :
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions sad, 14
I saw a Citie, like unto that same
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,
But that on sand was built the goodly frame :
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall ;
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus 15
Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus,
I saw Typhæus sister eomming neare ;
Whose head, full bravely with a morion hidd,

Did seeme to match the Gods in Majestie .
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
Over all the world did raise a Tropee hie ;
An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize.
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heavens in warre against her rize ;
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.





THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

BEING one day at my window all alone, 1
So manie strange things happened me to
see,
As much it grieveeth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest God delite ;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white :
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a Rocke, where she alas ! opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Yvorie ;
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were :
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire :
With rich treasures this gay ship fraughted was ;
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,

And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas !)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And perished past all recoverie.
O ! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

The heavenly branches did I see arise 3
Out of the fresh and lustie Lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood : of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see.
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was ravisht nere.
While on this Lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan everie where to overcast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote ;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine,
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise 4
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whercto approached not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne ;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall ;
That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce :
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas !) the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone, 5
 With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe :
 Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
 That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe ;
 Untill he came unto the broken tree,
 And to the spring that late devoured was.
 What say I more ? each thing at last we see
 Doth passe away : the Phœnix there, alas !
 Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
 Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
 And so foorthwith in great despight he dide ;
 That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
 For ruth and pitie of so haples plight :
 O, let mine eyes no more see such a sight !

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie, 6
 That thinking yet on her I burne and quake.
 On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
 Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake :
 White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
 As snow and golde together had been wrought ;
 Above the wast a darke cloude shrouded her.
 A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught,
 Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure ;
 And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy.
 Alas ! on earth so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy,
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

When I beheld this tickle trustles state 7
 Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
 And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
 In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,
 I wish I might this weary life forgoe,
 And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
 Where my free spirite might not any moe
 Be vext with sights that doo her peace molest.
 And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest

All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis :
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that death shall spoyle your goodly
features.





COLIN CLOUDS COME HOME
AGAIN.

BY ED. SPENCER.

LONDON

Printed for *William Ponsonbie*,

1595.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT
SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

*Captaine of her Majesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries,
and Lieutenant of the Countie of Cornwall.*

SIR,

HAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agrecing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singular favours, and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England; and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

Yours ever humbly.

ED. SP.



COLIN CLOUDS COME HOME AGAIN.

THE shepherds boy (best known by that
name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or
blame,

Sate (as his custom was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play :
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his eurious skill,
Like hartlesse deare dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill, 10
He rested him ; and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a jolly groome was he
As ever piped on an oaten reed.
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol) gan thus to him areed.

“ Colin, my lief, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepherds nation by thy lacke ;
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse !
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye, 20
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie :
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,

And all their birds with silence to complaine :
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine :
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languour did lament.
 But now, both woods and fields and floods revive,
 Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment, 30
 That us, late dead, hast made againe alive :
 But were it not too painefull to repeat
 The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
 Now at thy leisure them to us to tell."

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus :
 " Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet ;
 For of good passed newly to discus,
 By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
 And since I saw that Angels blessed eie, 40
 Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
 My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight :
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
 But in remembrance of that glorious bright;
 My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.
 Wake then, my pipe ! my sleepeie Muse, awake ;
 Till I have told her praises lasting long :
 Hobbin desires thou maist it not forsake ; 50
 Harke then, ye jolly shepheards, to my song."

With that they all gan throng about him neare,
 With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie ;
 The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
 Did round about them feed at libertie.

" One day (quoth he), I sat, (as was my trade)
 Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the eooly shade
 Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore :
 There a strange shepheard ehaunst to find me out,
 Whether allured with my pipes delight, 61

Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
 Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he hight, himselfe he did yleepe
 The shepheard of the Ocean by name,
 And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
 He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit ;
 And, when he heard the musieke which I made, 70
 He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it :
 Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
 My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid theron, (for well that skill he cond)
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
 He pip'd, I sung ; and, when he sung, I piped ;
 By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery ;
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, untill we both were weary."
 There interrupting him, a bonie swaine, 80
 That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake :
 " And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
 I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
 To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie ;
 For, well I weene, it worth recounting was,
 Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
 Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."

" Nor of my love, nor of my lasse, (quoth he)
 I then did sing, as then oecasion fell ;
 For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me, 90
 That made me in that desart chose to dwell.
 But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
 Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
 And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
 As water doth within his baneks appeare."

" Of fellowship (said then that bony Boy)
 Record to us that lovely lay againe ;
 The staie whereof shall nought these eares annoy,
 Who all that Colin makes do covet faine."

“ Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale, 100
In sort as I it to that shepheard told :

No leasing new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old.

“ Old father Mole (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the Northside of Armulla dale)

He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale ;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The Nymph which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right 110
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large;
It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,

Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old ;
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie
To travellers, which it from far behold.

Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd full faine
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.

But her old sire, more carefull of her good, 120

And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which Allo hight, Broad water called farre ;

And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that river for his daughter wonne :

The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone.

Nathlesse the Nymph her former liking held ;
For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde ;

And Bregog did so well her fancie weld, 130

That her good will he got her first to wedde.

But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,

And eke from far observ'd with jealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent,

Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,

The wily lover did devise this slight .

First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
 That, whilst the one was watcht, the other might
 Pass unespide to meete her by the way; 140
 And then, besides, those little streames so broken
 He under ground so elosely did conuay,
 That of their passage doth appeare no token,
 Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
 So secretly did he his love enjoy :
 Yet not so seeret, but it was deseride,
 And told her father by a shepherds boy;
 Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
 In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
 Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might 150
 His passage, and his water-courses spill.
 So of a River, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattred all to nought;
 And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
 Did lose his name : so deare his love he bought." -

Which having said, him Thestylis bespake :

" Now, by my life, this was a mery lay,
 Worthie of Colin selfe that did it make.
 But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
 What dittie did that other shepherd sing ? 160
 For I do eovet most the same to heare,
 As men use most to eovet forreine thing."

" That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare.
 His song was all a lamentable lay
 Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
 Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea,
 Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
 And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,
 He eryed out, to make his undersong,
 ' Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life, 170
 Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong ? ' "

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
 That Marin hight : " Right well he sure did plaine,
 That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
 And move to take him to her grace againe.

But tell on further, Colin, as befell
 'Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."

"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
 (Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
 He gan to cast great lyking to my lore, 180
 And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
 That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot :
 The which to leave thenceforth he counseld mee,
 Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
 And wend with him, his Cynthia to see ;
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
 Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankynd did far excell ; 190
 Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it.
 So, what with hope of good and hate of ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
 Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill :
 Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
 So to the sea we came ; the sea ? that is
 A world of waters heaped up on hie,
 Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie."

"And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull ?" 200

"Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear :
 Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping dire-
 Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare. [full
 Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
 Before he die alreadie dead with feare,
 And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it secmes,
 Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell, 209
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
 Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell :
 For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
 Behold ! an huge great vessell to us came,

Dauneing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it seornd the daunger of the same ;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with some subtile matter :
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to move it selfe upon the water.
Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was, 220
That neither ear'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
So proudly that she made them roare againe.
The same aboard us gently did receave,
And without harme us farre away did beare,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were, 230
In which I saw no living people dwell ?
Who, me reecomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse that Cynthia light,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.

“ If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the floekes and heards which she doth keep ?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe ? ”

“ These be the hills, (quoth he) the surges hie, 240
On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed :
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne ;
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Went too and fro at evening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porepisees together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard, 250
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.

And I, among the rest, of many least,
 Have in the Ocean charge to me assignd ;
 Where I will live or die at her behest,
 And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
 Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
 And of immortall race, doo still attend
 To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep when they be shorne,
 And fold them up when they have made an end.
 Those be the shepherds which my Cynthia serve 260
 At sea, beside a thousand moe at land ;
 For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
 To have in her commandement at hand."

Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
 And more, at length we land far off deseryde ;
 Which sight much gladed me, for much afore
 I feard, least land we never should have eyde :
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We Lunday passe ; by that same name is ment 270
 An Island, which the first to west was showne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floting amid the sea in jeopardie,
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
 Against the seas eneroehing erueltie.
 Those same, the shepherd told me, were the fields
 In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed ;
 Faire goodly fields, than which Armulla yields
 * None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
 The first to which we nigh approched was 280
 An high headland thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
 Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea :
 There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
 Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
 That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
 Much greater then that frame which us did beare :
 There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
 And put us all ashore on Cynthias land."

"What land is that thou meanst, (then Cuddy sayd)
And is there other then whereon we stand?" 291

"Ah! Cuddy, (then quoth Colin) thous a fon,
That hast not seene least part of natures worke:
Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke;
For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed.
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need:
Besides, most goodly rivers there appeare, 300
No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare:
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies."

"But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
And is theyr heaven likewise there all one?
And if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone?"

"Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this;
For there all happie peace and plenteous store 310
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues, nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries.
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do florish in great honor, 320
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use;
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse."

"But say on further, (then said Corylas)
The rest of thine adventures that betyded."

"Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe, 330
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still us guyded,
Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came :
Whose glorie, greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame :
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought ;
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies ;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true, 340
In which all colours of the rainbow bee ;
Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind, 350
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
Saying ; "By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise.
But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause advanced."

"The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare, 360
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight :
For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,

But joyd that countrie shepheard ought could fynd
Worth harkening to emongst the learned throng."

"Why, (said Alexis then) what needeth shee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepherds in her fee, 370
To heare thee sing, a simple silly elfe?
Or be the shepherds which do serve her laesie,
That they list not their mery pipes applie?
Or be their pipes untunable and eraesie,
That they cannot her honour worthylye?"

"Ah! nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so;
For better shepherds be not under skie,
Nor better hable, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged 380
In faithful service of faire Cynthia:
And there is Corydon, though meanly waged,
Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad Aleyon bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave eoneeipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height, 390
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Palin worthie of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustiek quill:
And there is pleasing Aleon, could he raise
His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew;
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster, throughly taught 400
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few;
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His Elisëis would be redde anew.

Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princess made?
O dreaded Dread! do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade;
But call it forth, O! call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
That, when he finisht hath as it should be, 410
No braver Poeme can be under sun.
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpass; e;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse:
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie, 420
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his, 430
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no! he is not now)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards! helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne.
He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine, 440
That ever piped in an oaten quill:

Both did he other which could pipe maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there, though last not least, is Aetion ;
A gentler shepheard may no where be found :
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.

All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone ;
But, while as Astrofell did live and raine, 450
Amongst all these was none his Paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make ;
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake."

Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida :
" Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia :
But of so many Nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd ; 460
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest."

" Ah ! far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserve,
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve ;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet joy and perfect love, 470
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie !
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize ;
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice :
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one ;
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none."

Then thus Melissa said : "Thrise happie Mayd,
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie, 481
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
Her name to eccho unto heaven hie!

But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?"

"They all (quoth he) me graeed goodly well,
That all I praise ; but, in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare. 491
Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read,
Whose goodly beames, though they be over dight
With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright :
She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Exeelling most in glorie and great light ;
She is the ornament of womankind,
And Courts ehief garlond with all vertues dight.
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest graee 500
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne lesse praise worthie is her sister deare,
Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling ;
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning eleare,
With silver deaw upon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise worthie is Mansilia,
Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes traine :
That same is she to whom Daphnaida 510
Upon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhoe of feminitie ;
Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise worthie Galathea seemes,
Then best of all that honourable erew,

Faire Galathea with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon Cynthia ; 520
Yet there is not her won, but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Maa, the Nymph delicious.
Ne lesse praisworthie faire Neæra is,
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be ;
For of the famous Shure the Nymph she is,
For high desert advaunst to that degree.
She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts :
She is the braunch of true nobilitie, 530
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praisworthie Stella do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
Whom verse of noblest shepheard, lately dead,
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.
Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie,
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie ;
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis. 540
Phyllis the faire is eldest of the three :
The next to her is bountifull Charillis ;
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
But sweet Charillis is the paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none, 550
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest :

Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
 And yet there be the fairest under skie,
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
 A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie.
 She is the pride and primrose of the rest, 560
 Made by the Maker selfe to be admired ;
 And like a goodly beaeon high addrest,
 That is with sparks of heavenlie beautie fired.
 But Amaryllis, whether fortunate,
 Or else unfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands adventure dread.
 Shepheard, what ever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that praysd diversly apart,
 In her thou maist them all assembled see, 570
 And seald up in the threasure of her hart.
 Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme :
 Ne thee lesse worthie, eurateous Candida,
 For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme ;
 Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
 Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended.
 But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended :
 Therefore, in elosure of a thankfull mynd, 580
 I deeme it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
 Then by diseourse them to indignifie."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake :
 "Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
 And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
 But of great Cynthiaes goodnesse, and high grace,
 Finish the storie which thou hast begunne."

"More eath (quoth he) it is in such a ease 590
 How to begin, then know how to have donne ;
 For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day ;

And everic day, in which she did a deed,
 Demaunds a yeare it duly to display.
 Her words were like a streame of honny flecting,
 The which doth softly trickle from the hive,
 Hable to melt the hearers heart unwecting,
 And eke to make the dead againe alive.
 Her deeds were like great glusters of ripe grapes,
 Which load the branches of the fruitfull vine; 601
 Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sun,
 Forth looking through the windowes of the East,
 When first the fleecie cattell have begun
 Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of Franckincence,
 Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
 In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies. 611

There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her owne creation,
 Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion."

"Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot
 Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie :
 Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie."

"True, (answered he) but her great excellence,
 Lifts me above the measure of my might; 621
 That, being fild with furious insolence,
 I feele my selfe like one yrap in spright :
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly forth;
 And when I speake of her what I have thought,
 I cannot thinke according to her worth.
 Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
 And when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever. 630

Her name in every tree I will endosse,
 That as the trees do grow her name may grow ;
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
 The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
 Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame ;
 And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
 Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
 And long while after I am dead and rotten, 640
 Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
 My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
 And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
 When as ye heare her memory renewed,
 Be wnesse of her bountie here alive,
 Which she to Colin, her poore shepheard, shewed."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake ;
 And stood awhile astonisht at his words, 650
 Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
 Saying ; " Why Colin, since thou foundst such grace
 With Cynthia and all her noble crew,
 Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
 In which such wealth might unto thee accrew ;
 And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
 Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
 Here to keep sheepe with hunger and with toyle ?
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."

" Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold, 660
 That may that blessed presenee still enjoy,
 Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
 Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy :
 But I, by that which little while I prooved,
 Some part of those enormities did see,
 The which in Court continually hooved,
 And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
 Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
 Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,

Darest not adventure such unknowen wayes, 670
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment ;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there deseryde."

" Shepheard, (said Thestylis) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie."

" Cause have I none (quoth he) of canered will 680
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well ;
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which through report of that lives painted blisse
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leave their lambes to losse, misled amisse :
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife, 690
To thrust downe other into foule disgraee,
Himselfe to raise : and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slaundring his well deemed name
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie ;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secreeic :
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie, 700
A filed tounge, furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery :
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines ;
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,

Unlesse to please, it selfe it can applie,
 But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
 As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie. 710
 For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
 As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares :
 Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares ;
 For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
 Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts,
 But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
 That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought else but smoke that fumeth soone away: 720
 Such is their glorie that in simple eie
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
 And purehace highest rowmes in bowre and hall ;
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
 Do wander up and downe despys'd of all ;
 Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call." 730
 " Ah ! Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the blame
 Which thou imputest is too generall,
 As if not any gentle wit of name,
 Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
 For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there
 To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest)
 Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
 As ever else in Princes Court thou vewest.
 Of which among you many yet remaine,
 Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse : 740
 Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
 And those that skill of medicine professe,
 And those that do to Cynthia expound
 The ledden of straunge languages in charge ;
 For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,

And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore unjustly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

"Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generall,
Than that which private errours doth pursew ; 750
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right-worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee :
For all the rest do most-what far amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see ;
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell, 760
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nouseling still they lurke,
Unmyndfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse ;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie love professe,
Whose service high so basely they ensew,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for servitors of his." 770

"And is Love then (said Corylas) once knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there ?
I weened sure he was our God alone,
And only woond in fields and forests here :"

"Not so, (quoth he) love most aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
Unlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares ; 780
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Unlesse he swim in love up to the cares.
But they of love, and of his sacred lere,

(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
 Then we poore shepheards are aceustomd here,
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise ;
 For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
 His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
 And use his ydle name to other needs,
 But as a complement for courting vaine. 790
 So him they do not serve as they professe,
 But make him serve to them for sordid uses.
 Ah! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
 Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
 But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,
 Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go
 To serve that God, that is so greatly dred :
 For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
 Borne without Syre or eouples of one kynd ; 800
 For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
 Both male and female through commixture joynd.
 So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
 And in the gardens of Adonis nurst ;
 Where growing he his owne perfection wrought,
 And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
 Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That Jove himselfe his powre began to dread,
 And, taking up to heaven, him godded new. 810
 From thence he shootes his arrowes every where,
 Into the world at random as he will,
 On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
 Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
 So we him worship, so we him adore
 With humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
 That to true loyes he may us evermore
 Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie :
 Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
 What ever feeds in forest or in field, 820
 That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine

BlaspHEME his powre, or termes unworthie yield."

"Shepherd, it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possesst;
But never wist I, till this present day,
Albe of love I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed. 830
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest be:
So well thou wot'st the myserie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine:
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare; 840
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize; the hungry t' eat,
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie. 850
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by litle learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway;
And, shortly after, everie living wight

Crept forth like wormes out of their slimie nature. 860
 Soone as on them the Suns like giving light
 Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
 Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
 And like himselfe desire for to beget :
 The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle dove
 Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet ;
 But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
 More than the rest to rule his passion,
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
 Like as himselfe was fairest by creation : 870
 For beautie is the bayt which with delight
 Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd ;
 Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
 Darting her beames into each feeble mynd :
 Against whose powre nor God nor man can fynd
 Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound ;
 But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
 Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
 Then do they cry and call to love apace,
 With praiers lowd importuning the skie, 880
 Whence he them heares ; and, when he list shew grace,
 Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
 So love is Lord of all the world by right,
 And rules their creatures by his powrfull saw,
 All being made the vassals of his might,
 Through secret sence which therto doth them draw.
 Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme,
 And with chaste heart to honor him alway ;
 But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
 Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay ; 890
 For their desire is base, and doth not merit
 The name of love, but of disloyall lust :
 Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
 But as Exuls out of his court be thrust."

So having said, Melissa spake at will :
 " Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
 Of love and beautie ; and, with wondrous skill,

Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd :
 To thee are all truc lovers greatly bound,
 That doest their cause so mightily defend ; 900
 But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
 That doest their bountie still so much commend."

" That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite ;
 For having loved ever one most deare,
 He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
 That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare."

" Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
 Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
 For being to that swaine too cruell hard ;
 That her bright glorie else hath much defamed. 910
 But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
 To use him so, that used her so well ;
 Or who with blame can justly her upbrayd,
 For loving not ; for who can love compell ?
 And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
 Rashly to wyten creatures so divine ;
 For demigods they be, and first did spring
 From heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
 And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
 How one, that fairest Helene did revile, 920
 Through judgement of the Gods to been ywroken,
 Lost both his eyes, and so remaynd long while,
 Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
 And made amends to her with treble praise :
 Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
 How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."

" Ah ! shepherds, (then said Colin) ye ne weet
 How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
 To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
 Of thing celestially which ye never saw ; 930
 For she is not like as the other crew
 Of shepherds daughters which emongst you bee,
 But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
 Exeelling all that ever ye did see.
 Not, then, to her that scorned thing so base,

But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :
 So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have plaee,
 And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, sith her I may not love, 940
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,
 And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
 Such graee shall be some guerdon for the griefe,
 And long affliction which I have endured :
 Such graee sometimes shall give me some reliefe,
 And ease of paine which eannot be recured.
 And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do see
 And hear the languours of my too long dying,
 Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying 950
 This simple trophe of her great conquest."—

So having ended, he from ground did rise;
 And after him uprose eke all the rest :
 All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
 Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.





ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF
THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND
VERTUOUS LADIE,
THE COUNTESSE OF ESSEX.

SHEPHEARDS, that wont on pipes of
oaten reed. [smart,
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed
And with your piteous layes have learnd to
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart, [breed
Hearken, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
And place my dolfull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell;
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel: 10
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read,
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living, but the dead:
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.



GENTLE Shepheard, borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
About the grassie bancks of Hæmony,
Did keepe his sheep, his litle flock and
store :

Full carefully he kept them, day and night,
In fairest fields ; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love ;
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepheard might behove : 10
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A sclender swaine, excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanure myld, 20
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld :
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall ;
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure, nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away. 30

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast ;

As Somers larke that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth eomming from the East.
 And layes of love he also eould eompose :
 Thrise happie she whom he to praise did ehose !

Full many Maydeus often did him woo,
 Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 Or make for them, as he was wont to doo
 For her that did his heart with love inflame : 40
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay ehapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
 Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
 To heare the eharmes of his enehanting skill ;
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did eare a whit,
 Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore ; 50
 Ne for their gifts, unworthie of his wit,
 Yet not unworthie of the countries store :
 For one alone he cared, for one he sight,
 His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
 As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
 A fairer star saw never living eie,
 Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire :
 Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
 His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her. 60

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
 On her he spent the riehies of his wit ;
 For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
 Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
 Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed ;
 For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
 And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
 But with brave decds to her sole service vowed,
 And bold atchievements her did entertaine ; 70
 For both in deeds and words he nourttred was,
 Both wise and hardie, (too hardie, alas !)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
 In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong :
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepheards are among :
 In every one he vanquisht every one ;
 He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
 Or rather infelicitie, he found, 80
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
 No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
 No chace so hard but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
 Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
 To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
 His mistresse name and his owne fame to raise.
 What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
 Since round about us it doth make abroad ? 90

It fortun'd, as he that perilous game
 In forreine soyle pursued far away,
 Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 Where store he heard to be of salvage pray :
 So wide a forest and so waste as this,
 Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines,
 He laid the brutish nation to enwrap :
 So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
 That he of them great troupes did soone entrap. 100

Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be brust.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape, (so partiall unto none :) 110
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne !
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout)
And, with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryved quight. 120

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw ;
The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah ! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom alive was nought so deare as hee ?
And ye faire Mayds, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee ? 130
Ah ! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed ?

Ah ! wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
And sad ensample of mans suddain end :

Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplaynd of foe or frend !
Whilest none is nigh thine eyelids up to elose,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards, sewing of the ehaee,
As they the forest raunged on a day, 140
By fate or fortune eame unto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay ;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes then softly did him reare :
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst biere that ever man did see
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee. 150

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
With erudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned ;
Her faee, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long
As Sunny beames in fairest somers day,
She fiersly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away ; 160
And her faire brest, the treasury of joy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid faee, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft ;
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lillies pale and soft :
And oft she eald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made, 170
No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste :
Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like Turtle chaste :
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide. 180

The Gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them, there lying on the field,
Into one flowre that is both red and blew :
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes,
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes ; 190
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well ;
But thou, where ever thou doest find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
And when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all, which loved him full deare, 200
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare ;

And when that pittcous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward angnish and great grieve opprest;
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best;
That from that houre, since first on grassie greene
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen. 210

But first his sister, that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling, both in shapc and spright,
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

 Y me! to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient grieve?
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show,
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they, alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremedied wo;
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so: 10
From them comes good, from them comes also il;
That which they made, who can them warne to spill?

To men? ah! they, alas! like wretched bee,
And subject to the heavens ordinance;
Bound to abide what ever they decrec,
Their best redresse is their best sufferance:
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
 Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines : 20
 And to my selfe my plaints shall baek retourne,
 To pay their usury with doubled paines.

The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
 The mournfull aecent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
 Sith he is gone the which them all did grace ;
 And all the fields do waile their widow state,
 Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface :

The fairest flowre in field that ever grew
 Was Astrophel ; that was, we all may rew. 30

What eruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
 Hath eropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre ;
 Untimely eropt, before it well were growne,
 And cleane defaced in untimely howre ?

Great losse to all that ever him did see,
 Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee !

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses !
 Sith the faire flowre which them adorn'd is gon :
 The flowre which them adorn'd is gone to ashes,
 Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on. 40

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
 And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made :
 Who ever made such layes of love as hee ?
 Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd
 Unto your selves to make you mery glee :
 Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
 Your mery maker now, alas ! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
 Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my joy : 50
 Both you and me, and all the world he quight
 Hath robd of joyance, and left sad annoy.

Joy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee !
 Shepheards, hope never like againe to see.

Oh Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
 Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?
 What is become of him, whose flowre here left
 Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?

Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas. 60

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
 With all the dowries of celestiall grace,
 By soveraine choyce from th' heavenly quires select,
 And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,

O! what is now of it become aread?

Ay me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
 But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise;
 Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
 In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise; 70
 And compast all about with roses sweet,
 And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestiall brood,
 To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
 And with straunge notes, of him well understood,
 Lull him a sleep in Angelick delight;

Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
 Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine, 80
 And kindling love in him above all measure,
 Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling paine;
 For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
 He may enjoy from jealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis,
 Sweet spirit, never fearing more to die;
 Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
 Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie,
 Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
 And with vaine vowes do often call him back. 90

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit !
And give us leave thee here thus to lament ;
Not thee that doest thy heavens joy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning in others our owne miseries.

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne :
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe
With dolefull lays, unto the time addrest : 10
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse





THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.



COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth !
forsake your watry bowres,
Forsake your mossy caves, and help me
to lament :

Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Of Liffies tumbling streames : Come, let salt teares of
ours,

Mix with his waters fresh. O come ! let one consent
Joyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly
wound

Which fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher
powres.

The dreery day in which they have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might from East to West be
found.

Mourne, mourn, great Phillips fall, mourn we his
wofull end, 10

Whom spitefull death hath pluct untimely from the
tree,

Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie
frute.

Ah dreadful Mars ! why didst thou not thy knight
defend ?

What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath
moved thee

Of such a shining light to leave us destitute ?
 Tho[u] with benigne aspeet sometime didst us behold,
 Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,
 And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute
 Fame and renowme to us for glorions martiall deeds.
 But now thy ireful bemes have chill'd our harts with
 cold ; 20

Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our
 land :

Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,
 And high disdaine doth eause thee shun our elime, (I
 feare ;)

For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at
 hand,

Thou wouldst have heard the cry that wofull England
 made ;

Eke Zelands piteous plaints, and Hollands toren
 heare,

Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd :
 Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeeld
 their shade,

And wailing to let fall the honor of their head ;
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their
 kinde. 30

Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
 Who eursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
 His hoary loeks he tare, ealling the heavens unkinde.
 The Thames was heard to roare, the Reyne and eke
 the Mose,

The Sehald, the Danow selfe, this great mischance did
 rue

With torment and with grief : their fountains purc and
 cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling flouds deelar'd their
 woes.

The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,
 The Silvan Godslikewise, eame running farre and neere,
 And all with teares bedewd, and eyes cast up on hie ;

O help, O help, ye Gods ! they ghastly gan to crie. 41
 O ! chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
 And graunt that natures course may measure out his age.
 The beasts their foode forsooke, and trembling fearfully,
 Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so fright.
 Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to rage,
 This crie did cause to rise th' old father Ocean hoare,
 Who, grave with eld, and full of majestie in sight,
 Spake in this wise. " Refrain (quoth he) your teares
 and plaints,

Cease these your idle words ; make vaine requests no
 more. 50

No humble speech, nor mone, may move the fixed stint
 Of destinie or death : Such is his will that paints
 The earth with colours fresh, the darkest skies with
 store

Of starry lights: and though your teares a hart of flint
 Might tender make, yet nought herein they will pre-
 vaile."

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to feele
 His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
 Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
 With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as steele,
 With cheerfull face, where valour lively was exprest,
 But humble mynd, he said. " O Lord ! if ought this
 fraile 61

And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' ad-
 vance ;

If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest ;
 If Justice to maintaine that valour I have spent
 Which thou me gav'st ; or if henceforth I might ad-
 vance [think best,

Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou
 Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
 If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set ;
 Through pure and fervent faith I hope now to be plast
 In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious blood 70
 Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he fet,

And straight a cloudie mist his senees overcast ;
His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languisheth being shred by eulter as it past.
A trembling, chilly cold ran through their veines, which
were

With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,
Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare;
Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbear
Plaine outeries, all against the heav'ns that enviously
Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare. 81
The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide
his faee

For griefe, whereby the earth feard night eternally :
The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd
their streames,

And th' aire gan, winterlike, to rage and fret apace :
And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie
gleames,

Amid the clouds with elaps of thunder, that did seeme
To rent the skies, and made both man and beast afear'd.
The birds of ill presage this lueklesse ehanee foretold,
By dernfull noise ; and dogs with howling made man
deeme 90

Some mischief was at hand : for such they do esteeme
As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella plaine
Her greivous losse, or seene her heavie mourning
cheere,

While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes did unfold!
Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders
twaine ;

And from those two bright starres, to him sometime
so decre

Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson
downe

Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands with
paine, 99

And piteously gan say, "My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my joy?

What eruell envious hand hath taken thee away,
And with thee my econtent, my eomfort, and my stay?
Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy,
When they did me assaile; in thee my hopes did rest.
Alas! what now is left but grief, that night and day
Affliets this wofull life, and with eontinuall rage
Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest?
O greedie envious heav'n! what needed thee to have
Enricht with such a Jewell this unhappie age, 111
To take it baek againe so soone? Alas! when shall
Mine eies see ought that may econtent them, since thy
grave

My onely treasure hides, the joyes of my poore heart?
As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall
Me thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
So reason would that there of thy most happie state
I had my share. Alas! if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be, how eanst thou leave me thus alone
In darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate, 121
Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
Me with thee to the plaee of rest where thou art gone?"
This said, she held her peae, for sorrow tide her toong;
And, instead of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro;
And with her sobs and sighs th' aire round about her
roong.

If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis slaine,
Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart eompassion of her woe,
His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her
paine: 131

Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
When from old Tithons bed shee weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy, like larke in showre of raine,

Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
 Under those cristall drops which fell from her faire eies ;
 And at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely
 wise :

Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
 The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and elear those lights,
 Those lights through which his glory and his conquests
 shine. 140

The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung, like threds of
 gold,

Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.
 All things with her to weep, it seemed, did eneline,
 The trees, the hills, the dales, the eaves, the stones so
 cold.

The aire did help them mourne, with dark elouds,
 raine, and mist,

Forbearing many a day to elear it selfe againe ;
 Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of Pirrha
 shold

Ofereatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds untwist :
 For Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
 And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
 And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans
 guide. 151

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his traine,
 Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented
 th' aire,

So that on ev'ry coast men shipwraek did abide,
 Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
 And such as eame to shoare were beaten with despaire.
 The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to slide,
 Were troubled now and wrothe ; whose hidden hollow
 eaves,

Along his banks, with fog then shrowded from man's
 eye,

Ay Phillip did resownd; aie Phillip! they did erie.
 His Nimphs were seen no more (thogh eustom stil it
 eraves) 161

With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or
 sport,
 Or with the hooke or net, barefooted, wantonly,
 The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.
 The shepheards left their wonted places of resort,
 Their bagpipes now were still ; their loving mery layes
 Were quite forgot : and now their flocks men might
 perceive
 To wander and to strae, all earclesly neglect.
 And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and
 dayes
 Nought els was to be heard but woes, complaints, and
 mone. 170

But thou, (O blessed soule!) doest haply not respect
 These teares we shead, though full of loving pure affect,
 Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
 Where full of majestie the high Creator reignes ;
 In whose bright shining face thy joyes are all complete,
 Whose love kindles thy spright; where, happie alwaies
 one,

Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never staines ;
 Where from the purest spring the sacred Nectar sweete
 Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest gather now
 Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines. 180
 There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
 And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
 And decks his fiery sphere to do thee honour most.
 In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
 A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell
 Thy noble acts arew; whereby even they that boast
 Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrhus, Hanniball,
 Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell
 In martiall prowess, high thy glorie do admire. 189

All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall!
 The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy name!
 Whose worthie praise to sing my Muses not aspire,
 But sorrowfull and sad these teares to let thee fall;
 Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
 Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the same.



A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP
SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC.

LYCON. COLIN.



COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad
stownd,

This wofull stownd, wherein all things
complaine

This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,
Phillisides is dead. Up, jolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Helphim to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese, so
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lyeon, Lyeon! what need skill, to teach
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints? how long
Hath the pore Turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make? No, no; each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.

Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now? 20
 Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
 In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
 With hanging head to shew a heavic cheere :
 What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
 Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
 Come to thine cares, or gladsome sight appeare
 Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
 Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
 And testified his grief with flowing teares?
 Sith, then, it seemeth each thing to his powre 30
 Doth us invite to make a sad consort,
 Come, let us joyne our mournfull song with theirs.
 Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
 Thy voice, and eccho will our words report.

LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses
 frame,
 That others farre excell, yet will I force
 My selfe to answeere thee the best I can,
 And honor my base words with his high name.
 But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
 In secret shade or cave, vouchsafe (O Pan) 40
 To pardon me, and here this sad constraint
 With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
 And eke, ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
 In these wilde woods, if ever piteous plaint
 We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
 With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
 Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then, goe on,
 And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death!
 O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion, 50
 When shalt thou sec, emong thy shepheards all,
 Any so sage, so perfect? Whom uneath
 Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
 Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
 Behold the sacred Pales, where, with haire
 Untrust, she sitts in shade of yonder hill.

And her faire faee, bent sadly downe, doth send
 A floud of teares to bathe the earth ; and there
 Doth eall the heav'ns despightfull, envious :
 Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 60
 Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
 Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
 The Nymphs and Qreades her round about
 Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene ;
 And with shrill eries, beating their whitest brests,
 Aeuse the direfull dart that death sent out
 To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
 That deafe or earelesse seeme at their request.
 The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun ;
 They leave their eristall springs, where they wont
 frame 70

Sweet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,
 To sport themselves free from the seorehing Sun,
 And now the hollow caves, where horror darke
 Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,
 They seeke ; and there in mourning spend their time
 With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and
 barke,

And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme !
 Why should my toong expresse thee ? who is left
 Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint, 80
 Lycon unfortunate ? What spitefull fate,
 What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
 Of thy ehief eomfort ; of thy onely stay ?
 Where is become thy wonted happie state,
 (Alas !) wherein through many a hill and dale,
 Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
 Along the bankes of many silver streames,
 Thou with him yodest ? and with him didst seale
 The eraggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine,
 Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames 90
 Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
 Which after did so gloriously forth shine.

But (woe is me!) they now yquenched are
 All suddainly, and death hath them opprest.
 Loe! father Neptune, with sad countenance,
 How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
 Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
 The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
 Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
 The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves 100
 All for his comfort gathered there they be:
 The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
 The fruitfull Severne, with the rest, are come
 To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
 The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
 Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
 And all their heads, with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
 With wofull shrikes salute him, great and small:
 Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
 Nareissus, their last accents doth resownd. 110

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age!
 O widow world! O brookes and fountains cleere!
 O hills, O dales, O woods! that oft have rong
 With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
 The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
 Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
 These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
 Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
 That oft have left your purest cristall springs
 To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe 120
 Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts,
 Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
 When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
 So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts?
 Loe! where engraved by his hand yet lives
 The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
 Happie name! happie tree! faire may you grow,
 And spred your saered branch, which honor gives
 To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
 Unhappie flock, that wander scattred now, 130

What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
 Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne,
 For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
 Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite,
 That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide!
 Looke down a while from where thou sitst above,
 And see how busie shepheards be to endite
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kynd love. 140
 Behold my selfe, with Colin, gentle swaine,
 (Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare,)
 Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment, and tormenting paine,
 That thy departure to us both hath bred,
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountains, now left desolate,
 And withred grasse with Cypres boughes bespred;
 Behold these floures which on thy grave we strew;
 Which, faded, shew the giver's faded state, 150
 (Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure)
 Whose only comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for ay,
 That to thy ashes rest they may assure:
 That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name
 With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres;
 And that for ever may endure thy fame.

COLIN. The Sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to
 steep
 In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres 160
 Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
 Lyeon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.

L. B.



AN ELEGIE,
OR FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS
ASTROPHILL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, LORD GOVERNOUR
OF FLUSHING.

S then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude aeloid the aire ;
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew
Reflected Phœbus golden haire ;
The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant ;
The maiden Unieorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found
Were coueht in order on the ground.

10

Aleides speekled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarehs do obtaine,
With love-juice staine the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the Poets braine ;
And Phillis philbert there away,
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie ; 20
And, for the bed of Love forlorne,
The blaek and dolefull Ebonie ;
 All in a eirele eompast were,
 Like to an Ampitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees
The airie winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
 Here Philomell, that knowes full well
 What force and wit in love doth dwell. 30

The skiebred Egle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above ;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.
 The swan that sings about to dy,
 Leaving Meander, stood thereby.

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie ;
And, on a Cædar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie, 40
 As I conjeecture, by the same
 Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse :
A man or stone, I knew not that ;
No stone ; of man the figure was,
 And yet I could not count him one,
 More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end : 50
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,

Seeming like one in uneouth stound,
To be aseedng out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vitall strings;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.

So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

60

Incontinent, with trembling sound
He wofully gan to complaine;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond roeke in twaine:
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavily he gan to say.

O sunne! (said he, seeing the sunne)
On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eyne;
Shine upon those possesse delight,
And let me live in endlesse night.

70

O grieve! that liest upon my soule
As hevie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll;
Consort me quickly with the dead:
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to know
What be the sorrowes me agreev's;
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

80

You knew,—who knew not Astrophill?
(That I should live to say I knew,

And have not in possession still!)
 Things knowne permit me to renew
 Of him : you know his merit such,
 I cannot say, you heare, too much. 90

Within these woods of Areadie
 He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke ;
 And on the mountaine Parthenie,
 Upon the ehrystall liquid brooke,
 The Muses met him ev'ry day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he deseended downe to the mount,
 His personage seemed most divine,
 A thousand graeces one might count,
 Upon his lovely eheerfull eie ; 100
 To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
 A full assurance given by lookes,
 Continuall eomfort in a faee,
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
 I trowe, that countenancee cannot lie
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that faee,
 Was never eare did heare that tong, 110
 Was never minde did minde his grace,
 That ever thought the travell long ;
 But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
 Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God ! that such a worthy man,
 In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
 Desired thus, must leave us than,
 And we to wish for him in vaine.
 O ! could the stars, that bred that wit,
 In freee no longer fixed sit ? 120

Then, being fild with learned dew,
 The Muses willed him to love :
 That instrument can aptly shew,
 How finely our eoneeits will move ;
 As Baechus opes dissembled harts,
 So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
 Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
 The highest in his faneie stood,
 And she could well demerite this : 130
 Tis likely they aequainted soone ;
 He was a Sun, and she a Moone

Our Astrophill did Stella love :
 O Stella ! vaunt of Astrophill,
 Albeit thy graces gods may move,
 Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill ?
 The rose and lillie have their prime,
 And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
 In common sight of ev'ry eie, 140
 Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
 It is apparant more thereby,
 He that hath love, and judgement too,
 Sees more than any other doo.

Then, Astrophill hath honord thee ;
 For when thy bodie is extinet,
 Thy graees shall eternall be,
 And live by virtue of his inke ;
 For by his verses he doth give
 The short livde beautie aye to live. 150

Above all others this is hee,
 Whieh erst approoved in his song,
 That love and honor might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong.

Sweet saints, it is no sinne or blame
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poet's braine with finer store : 160
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

Then, Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies ;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar) 170
Such majestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such majestie my mart may mar ;
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede ;
The flame and bolt together shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine. 180

His word (was slaine !) straightway did move
And natures inward life strings twitch ;
The skie immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground
Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall ;

The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
 The birds did tune their mourning call, 190
 And Philomell for Astrophill
 Unto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
 Shewd feeling passion of his death ;
 Me thought she said, I tell thee truthe,
 Was never he that drew in breath,
 Unto his love more trustie found,
 Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan, that was in presenee heere,
 Began his funerall dirge to sing ; 200
 Good things (quoth he) may searee appeere,
 But passe away with speedie wing :
 This mortall life as death is tride,
 And death gives life ; and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made,
 Among the creatures of kinde,
 Fired the Phœnix where she laide,
 Her ashes flying with the winde,
 So as I might with reason see
 That such a Phœnix nere should bee. 210

Haply the einders, driven about,
 May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
 But hardly a peere to that, I doubt :
 It cannot sinke into my minde,
 That under branches ere can bee
 Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with peareing sight
 The mournfull habite of the place,
 And parted thence with mounting flight,
 To signifie to Jove the ease, 220
 What sorrow nature doth sustaine,
 For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And, while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke ;
 The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone,
 So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectaele had firmly wrought,
A deepe eompassion in my spright ; 230
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright :
 And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
 My teares discollor so mine inke.





AN EPITAPH UPON THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY,

KNIGHT; LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure,
divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly eare obscurede in seeret brest,
And love that envie in thy life suppresseth,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought, 10
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line,
Nor lesse than such (by gifts that nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have)
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gave thee thy name : a kingly minde
That God thee gave ; who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine. 20

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth ;
 The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time :
 The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime ;
 Thy will, thy words ; thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thenee,
 To treat from kings with those more great than kings ;
 Sueh hope men had to lay the highest things
 On thy wise youth, to be transported hencee.

Whenee to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
 Thy eountries love, religion, and thy friends : 30
 Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
 And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
 Griefe, sorrow, sieknes, and base fortunes might :
 Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
 But past with praise from of[f] this worldly stage.

Baek to the eampe, by thee that day was brought,
 First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;
 Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
 Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught. 40

What hath he lost that sueh great grace hath woon ?
 Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
 Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure :
 Oh, happie race with so great praises run !

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
 Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
 The Canpe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
 Thy friends thy want ; the world thy vertues fame :

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love ;
 Letters thy learning, thy losse yeeres long to come :
 In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe ; 51
 Thy soule and spright enrieh the heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
 Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall;
 Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall,
 Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
 Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!
 Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
 Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell. 60

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.



SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing en-
 creaseth rage,
 Stald are my thoughts, which lov'd, and
 lost, the wonder of our age,
 Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost
 ere now,
 Enrag'de I write, I know not what : dead, quick, I
 know not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares abound,
 And envie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault
 she found;
 Knowledge her light hath lost, valor hath slaine her
 knight;
 Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds
 delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall whose presence was her
 pride,
 Time crieth out, my ebbe is come; his life was my
 spring tide: 15

Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her
reports ;
Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry
sorts.

He was (wo worth that word !) to ech well thinking
minde
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue ever
shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest
works of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth, (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al
in vain do mone ;
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world
with eries :
Death slue not him, but he made death his ladder to
the skies. 20

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live ; the more the wrong ;
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred
is al to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending griefe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels, run on,
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never
meet in one ;
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes
cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking
him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames ;
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy ; eclipsed are thy
beames : 30

Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes brings
foorth ;
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting minds
of woorth !

And farewell, mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports which for lives restore varietie assignes ;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd ; in me no mirth may
dwell,
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,
farewell !

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles grieve, whieh deads my life, yet knowes
not how to kill,
Go, seeke that haples tombe ; whieh if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stones that keep the lims that held so good
a minde.

40



AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER.

Printed for William Ponsonby

1595.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL
SIR ROBERT NEEDHAM, KNIGHT.

IR, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel-deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser : whose name suffieiently warranting the worthinesse of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and delighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companye (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you, as meetest to give her deserved countenaunee after her retourne : entertaine her then (Right worshipfull) in sorte best beseeming your gentle minde and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W. P.



G. W. SENIOR, TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is
shrowded,
And weaker sights may wander soone
astray ;

But, when they see his glorious raies unelowded,
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way :
So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
Invention weepes, and pens are east aside ;
The time, like night, depriv'd of chearefull day,
And few do write, but (ah !) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Dawnting thereby our neighbours auncient pride,
That do, for poesie, challendge cheefest name :
So we that live, and ages that succeede,
With great applause thy learned works shall reede.

AII ! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepherds thy sweete roundelaies ;
Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
Heroiek deedes of past or present daies ;
Or whether, in thy lovely mistris praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;
Thy muse hath got such graec and power to please

With rare invention, bewtified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill?
O! therefore let that happy muse proceed
To clime the height of vertues sacred hill,
Where endles honor shall be made thy meede;
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. J.





A MORETTI, &c.

SONNET I.



HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly
hands,
Which hold my life in their dead doing
might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those laming eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
My soules long lacked food, my heavens blis,
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought ! whom at the first I bred
 Of th' inward bale of my love pined hart ;
 And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes
 fed,

Till greater then my wombe thou woxen art ;
 Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
 In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood,
 And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
 And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
 But if in presence of that fayrest proud
 Thou chanee to come, fall lowly at her feet,
 And, with meek humblesse and afflicted mood,
 Pardon for thee, and graee for me, intreat ;
 Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish :
 If not, die soone ; and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THE soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
 Witnessse the world how worthy to be
 prayzed !

The light wherof hath kindled heavenly fyre
 In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse rayzed ;
 That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
 Base thing I can no more endure to view,
 But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
 At wondrous sight of so celestially hew.
 So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,
 It stopped is with thoughts astonishment ;
 And when my pen would write her titles true,
 It ravisht is with fancies wonderment :
 Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
 The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

NEW yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight;
 And, bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright:
 And calling forth out of sad Winters night
 Fresh Love, that long hath slept in echeerlesse bower,
 Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
 For lusty Spring, now in his timely howre,
 Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
 And warnes the Earth with divers colord flowre
 To deeke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.

Then you, faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth
 raine,

Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

SONNET V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride:
 The thing which I doo most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most envide;
 For in those lofty lookes is close implide
 Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonor;
 Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
 Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,
 That boldned innoeence beares in hir eies;
 And her faire countenancee, like a goodly banner,
 Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.

Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
 Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
 Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
 The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
 The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
 Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre ;
 But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
 Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
 So hard it is to kindle new desire
 In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever :
 Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
 With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.
 Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
 To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

BAYRE eyes, the myrroure of my mazed hart,
 What wondrous vertue is contayn'd in you,
 The which both lyfe and death forth from
 you dart
 Into the object of your mighty view !
 For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
 Then is my soule with life and love inspired ;
 But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
 Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
 But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
 Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best ;
 That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
 May kindle living fire within my brest.
 Such life should be the honor of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII. ✓

MORE then most faire, full of the living fire
 Kindled above unto the Maker neere;
 No eies but joyes, in which al powers con-
 spire,

That to the world naught else be counted deare!
 Thruh your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
 Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
 But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
 In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
 You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake;
 You calme the storme that passion did begin,
 Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
 Dark is the world where your light shined never;
 Well is he borne that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might
 compare
 Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark
 spright;

Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
 Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
 Not to the Sun, for they doo shine by night;
 Nor to the Moone, for they are changed never;
 Nor to the Starres, for they have purer sight;
 Nor to the Fire, for they consume not ever;
 Nor to the Lightning, for they still perseuer;
 Nor to the Diamond, for they are more tender;
 Nor unto Christall, for nought may them sever;
 Nor unto Glasse, such basenesse mought offend her:
 Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X. ✓

UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of love, what law is
this,

That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?
See! how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
And humbled harts brings captives unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.

But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth comptroll
All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:

That I may laugh at her, in equall sort
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her
sport.

SONNET XI.

DAYLY when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth,
She, cruell warriour, doth her selfe addresse

To battell, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,
To graunt small respite to my restlesse toile,
But greedily her fell intent poursewth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
But then she seekes, with torment and turmoyle,
To force me live, and will not let me dy.

All paine hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine no pree nor prayer may sureease.

SONNET XII.


NE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies
 To make a truce, and termes to entertaine;
 All fearlesse then of so false enimies,
 Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
 So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
 A wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
 In the close covert of her guilfull eyen,
 Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
 Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
 Was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands;
 Who me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,
 Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.
 So, Ladic, now to you I doo complaine,
 Against your eies, that justiee I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.


N that proud port, which her so goodly
 graeeth,
 Whiles her faire face she reares up to the
 skie,
 And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
 Most goodly temperature ye may descry,
 Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull majestie;
 For, looking on the earth, whence she was borne,
 Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
 Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne:
 But that same lofty countenanee seemes to scorne
 Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may elime;
 Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
 That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.
 Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;
 Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

RETOURNE agayne, my forces late dismayd,
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
 Great shame it is to leave, like one afrayd,
 So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light.
 'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might
 Then those small forts which ye were wont belay :
 Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
 Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
 Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart ;
 Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay :
 Those engins can the proudest love convert ;
 And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her ;
 So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle
 Do seeke most pretious things to make your
 gain,
 And both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
 What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine ?
 For loe ! my Love doth in her selfe containe
 All this worlds riches that may farre be found :
 If Saphyres, loe ! her eies be Saphyres plaine ;
 If Rubies, loe ! hir lips be Rubies sound ;
 If Pearles, hir teeth be pearles, both pure and round ;
 If Yvorie, her forehead yvory weene ;
 If Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground ;
 If Silver, her faire hands are silver sheene :
 But that which fairest is but few behold,
 Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

 NE day as I unwarily did gaze
 On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall light,
 The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze
 Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight,
 I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight
 Legions of Loves with little wings did fly ;
 Darting their deadly arrowes, fyry bright,
 At every rash beholder passing by.
 One of those archers closely I did spy,
 Ayming his arrow at my very hart ;
 When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
 The Damzell broke his misintended dart.
 Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne ;
 Yet, as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

 HE glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
 Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
 And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
 What pen, what pencill, ean expresse her fill ?
 For though he colours could devize at will,
 And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
 Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
 Yet many wondrous things there are beside :
 The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide ;
 The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart ;
 The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
 Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater crafesmans hand thereto doth neede,
 That ean expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling wheele, that runneth often round,
 The hardest steele in traet of time doth teare;
 And drizling drops, that often doe redound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance weare :
 Yet eannot I, with many a dropping teare
 And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
 Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.
 But when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
 And when I weep, she sayes, teares are but water;
 And when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
 And when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
 So doe I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
 Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
 His trompet shrill hath thrise already
 sounded,
 That warnes al lovers wayt upon their king,
 Who now is eomming forth with girland erounded :
 With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
 Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
 That all the woods they eeehoes back rebounded,
 As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
 But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
 No word was heard of her that most it ought;
 But she his preept proudly disobayes,
 And doth his ydle message set at nought.
 Therefore, O Love! unlesse she turne to thee
 Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

N vaine I seeke and sew to her for graee,
And doe myne humbled heart before her
poure ;

The whiles her foote she in my neeke doth plaee,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.

And yet the Lyon that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,

In his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure

The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.

But she, more cruell, and more salvage wyld,

Than either Lyon, or the Lyonesse ;

Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,

But taketh glory in her eruelnesse.

Fayrer then fayrest ! let none ever say,

That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

AS it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall
part,

Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace ?

For with mild pleasanee, which doth pride displace,

She to her loves doth lookers eyes allure ;

And with sterne countenanee back again doth chace

Their looser looks that stir up lustes impure.

With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,

That with one looke she doth my life dismay,

And with another doth it streight reeure ;

Her smile me drawes ; her frowne me drives away.

Thus doth she traine and teach me with her looks :

Such art of eyes I never read in bookes.

SONNET XXII.

 HIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
 Men to devotion ought to be inclynd :
 Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
 For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
 Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
 In which her glorious ymage placed is ;
 On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
 Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse :
 There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
 Will builde an altar to appease her yre ;
 And on the same my hart will sacrifice,
 Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre :
 The which vouchsafe, O goddesse ! to accept,
 Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

 ENELOPE, for her Ulisses sake,
 Deviz'd a Web her woors to deceave ;
 In which the worke that she all day did make,
 The same at night she did againe unreave :
 Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceave,
 Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne ;
 For all that I in many dayes doo weave,
 In one short houre I find by her undonne.
 So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
 I must begin and never bring to end :
 For, with one looke, she spils that long I sponne ;
 And with one word my whole years work doth rend.
 Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
 Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET XXIV.

HEN I behold that beauties wonderment,
 And rare perfection of each goodly part,
 Of nature's skill the onely complement,
 I honor and admire the Makers art :
 But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
 Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
 That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,
 I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
 Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree
 Into this sinfull world from heaven to send ;
 That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
 For all their faults with which they did offend.
 But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat
 That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

OW long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
 And know no end of her owne misery,
 But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
 'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully ?
 Yet better were attonce to let me die,
 And shew the last ensample of your pride,
 Then to torment me thus with cruelty
 To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride :
 But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
 A close intent at last to shew me grace,
 Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
 As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace ;
 And wish that more and greater they might be,
 That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes upon a brere ;
 Sweet is the Junipre, but sharpe his bough ;
 Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere ;
 Sweet is the Firbloome, but his braunches rough ;
 Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough ;
 Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough ;
 And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
 So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
 That maketh it be eoveted the more ;
 For easie things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men doe set but little store :
 Why then should I aceount of little paine,
 That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine !

SONNET XXVII.

FAIRE proud ! now tell me, why should faire
 be prond,
 Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
 And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
 However now thereof ye little weene ?
 That goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,
 Shall doffe her fleshs borowd fayre attyre,
 And be forgot as it had never beene,
 That many now much worship and admire :
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
 Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain.
 Faire ! be no lenger proud of that shall perish ;
 But that, which shal yon make immortall, eherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE laurell leafe, which you this day doe
 weare,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd;
 For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
 Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inelind:
 The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
 Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves attyre.
 Proud Daphne, seorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
 On the Thessalian shore from him did flie;
 For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
 Did her transforme into a laurell tree.

Then fly no more, fayre love, from Phebus chace,
 But in your brest his leafe and love abraace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave
 My simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne;
 And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
 Accoumpts my selfe her captive quite forlorne.
 The bay, (quoth she) is of the victours born,
 Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
 And they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
 To sing the glory of their famous deeds.
 But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
 Let her aaccept me as her faithfull thrall;
 That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
 I may in trump of fame blaze over all:

Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
 And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET XXX.

Y love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre :
 How comes it then that this her cold so great
 Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
 But harder growes the more I her intreat ?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delayd by her hart frozen cold ;
 But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 And feele my flames augmented manifold ?
 What more miraeulous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all thing melts, should harden yse ;
 And yse, which is eongeald with seneelesse eold,
 Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse !
 Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
 That it ean alter all the eourse of kynd.

SONNET XXXI.

H ! why hath Nature to so hard a hart
 Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace,
 Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
 And all those pretious ornaments deface ?
 Sith to all other beastes, of bloody race,
 A dreadfull eountenance she given hath ;
 That with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,
 And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater seath,
 Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew ;
 That she the better may, in bloody bath
 Of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
 But, did she know how ill these two accord,
 Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THE paynefull smith with force of fervent heat
 The hardest yron soone doth mollify :
 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashiou to what he it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
 Her hart, more harde then yron, soft awhit ;
 Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
 Doe beat on th' andvyle of her stubberne wit :
 But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde ;
 And harder growes the harder she is smit
 With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
 What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne ?

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dred,
 Not finishing her Queene of faëry,
 That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead :
 But, Lodwick, this of grace to me aread ;
 Doe ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it,
 Sufficent worke for onc mans simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ ?
 How then should I, without another wit,
 Thinck ever to endure so tædious toyle ;
 Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle ?
 Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest ;
 Or lend you me another living brest.

SONNET XXXIV.

LYKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
 By conduit of some star doth make her way,
 Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray.
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
 Me to direct, with clondes is over-east,
 Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast :
 Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
 My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to eleare my cloudy grief.
 Till then I wander earefull, comfortlesse,
 In seeret sorrow, and sad pensivenesse.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
 Still to behold the object of their paine,
 With no contentment ean themselves suffize,
 But, having, pine ; and, having not, complaine :
 For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne ;
 And, having it, they gaze on it the more ;
 In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
 Whose eyes him starv'd : so plenty makes me poore.
 Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
 But lothe the things which they did like before,
 And ean no more endure on them to looke.
 All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these wearie woes have
 end,
 Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease,
 But al my days in pining languor spend,
 Without hope of asswagement or release?
 Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
 Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,
 But that their cruelty doth still increace,
 And dayly more augment my miseries?
 But when ye have shewed all extremities,
 Then thinke how little glory ye have gayned
 By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despyse,
 Mote have your lyfe in honor long maintayned:
 But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
 Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII. ✓

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden
 tresses
 She doth attyre under a net of gold;
 And with sly skill so eunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold or haire may searse be told?
 Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare;
 And, being caught, may craftily enfold
 Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
 Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
 Heneeforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
 In which if ever ye entrapped are,
 Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
 Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

SONNET XXXVIII.



A RION, when through tempests cruel wracke
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
 Through the sweet musick, which his harp
 did make,
 Allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
 But my rude musick, which was wont to please
 Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
 The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborne will ;
 But in her pride she dooth persever still,
 All carelesse how my life for her decayse .
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill,
 To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse !
 Chuse rather to be praysd for dooing good,
 Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX.



S WEET smile ! the daughter of the Queene
 of love,
 Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
 With which she wonts to temper angry Jove,
 When all the gods he threats with thundring dart,
 Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art :
 For when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
 A melting pleasance ran through every part,
 And me revived with hart robbing gladnesse.
 Whylest rapt with joy, resembling heavenly madnes,
 My soule was ravisht quite, as in a traunce ;
 And feeling thence no more her sorowes sadnesse,
 Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce,
 More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall meat,
 Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat:

SONNET XL.

ARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 And tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
 When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
 Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day;
 That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:
 At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drouping hed.
 So my storme beaten hart likewise is cheared
 With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

S it her nature, or is it her will,
 To be so cruell to an humbled foe?
 If nature; then she may it mend with skill:
 If will; then she at will may will foregoe.
 But if her nature and her wil be so,
 That she will plague the man that loves her most,
 And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe,
 Then all her natures goodly gifts are lost;
 And that same glorious beauties ydle boast
 Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
 As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
 She meanes at last to make her piteous spoyle.
 O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
 That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

SONNET XLII.

 HE love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
 So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
 That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
 The more I love and doe embrace my bane;
 Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
 To be acquit fro my continuall smart,
 But joy her thrall for ever to remayne,
 And yield for pledge my poore captived hart:
 The which, that it from her may never start,
 Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne;
 And from all wandring loves, which mote pervart
 His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
 Onely let her abstaine from eruelty,
 And doe me not before my time to dy.

SONNET XLIII.

 HALL I then silent be, or shall I speake?
 And if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
 And if I silent be, my hart will breake,
 Or ehoked be with overflowing gall.
 What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
 And eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie;
 That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
 But like a stupid stock in silence die!
 Yet I my hart with silence secretly
 Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
 And eke mine eies, with mecke humility,
 Love learned letters to her eyes to read;
 Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
 Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renowned noble Peres of Greece,
Through stubborn pride among themselves
did jar,

Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar ;
But this continuall, cruell, eivil warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make,
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre,
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake :
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight,
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight :
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady, in your glasse of christall cleene
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew,
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.

Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre Idea of your eelestiall hew
And every part remaines immortally :
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deformd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer than christall, would therein appere.

But if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
Remove the eause by which your fayre beames
darkned be.

SONNET XLVIII.

INNOCENT paper! whom too cruell hand
 Did make the matter to avenge her yre,
 And ere she could thy cause wel understand,
 Did saerifize unto the greedy fyre,
 Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
 Then so bad end for heretieks ordayned:
 Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
 But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned;
 Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constrayned
 To utter forth the anguish of his hart,
 And would not heare, when he to her eomplayned
 The piteous passion of his dying smart.
 Yet live for ever, though against her will,
 And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

EYRE cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
 Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
 Then know that merey is the mighties jewell,
 And greater glory think to save then spill.
 But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
 To shew the powre of your imperious eyes,
 Then not on him that never thought you ill,
 But bend your force against your enemyes:
 Let them feele th' utmost of your cruelties,
 And kill with looks, as Coekatriees doo;
 But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
 With mereifull regard give merey too.
 Such merey shal you make admyred to be;
 So shall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

ONG languishing in double malady,
 Of my harts wound and of my bodies greife,
 There came to me a leach, that would apply
 Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
 Vayne man, (quod I) that hast but little priefe
 In deep discovery of the mynds disease!
 Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
 And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
 Then with some cordialls seeke for to appease
 The inward languour of my wounded hart,
 And then my body shall have shortly ease;
 But such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art.
 Then, my lyfes Leach! doe you your skill reveale,
 And with one salve both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

OE I not see that fayrest ymages
 Of hardest Marble are of purpose made,
 For that they should endure through many
 ages,
 Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade?
 Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,
 Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend,
 Sith never ought was excellent assayde
 Which was not hard t' atehive and bring to end?
 Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
 Mote soften it and to his will allure.
 So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
 And that it then more stedfast will endure:
 Onely my paines wil be the more to get her;
 But, having her, my joy will be the greater

SONNET LII.

 O oft as homeward I from her depart,
 I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
 Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
 Despoyle of warlike armes and knowen shield.
 So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield
 To sorrow and to solitary paine;
 From presene of my dearest deare exylde,
 Longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
 There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,
 Dare to approche, that may my solace breed;
 But sudden dumps, and dreary sad disdayne
 Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
 So I her absens will my penaunce make,
 That of her presens I my need may take.

SONNET LIII.

 HE Panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
 Doth please all beasts, but that his looks
 them fray,
 Within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
 To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray.
 Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play;
 For, with the goodly semblant of her hew,
 She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
 And then no merey will unto me shew.
 Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
 Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
 To make the bayte her gazers to embrew:
 Good shames to be to ill an instrument,
 But merey doth with beautie best agree,
 As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

 F this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
 My love, like the Spectator, ydly sits,
 Beholding me, that all the pageants play,
 Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
 Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
 And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
 Soone after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
 I waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.
 Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
 Delights not in my mirth, not rues my smart;
 But, when I laugh, she mocks; and, when I cry,
 She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
 What then can move her? if nor mirth, nor mone,
 She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

SONNET LV.

 O oft as I her beauty doe behold,
 And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
 I marvaile of what substance was the mould,
 The which her made attonee so cruell faire.
 Not earth; for her high thoghts more heavenly are:
 Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre:
 Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
 Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.
 Then needs another Element inquire
 Whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye:
 For, to the heaven her haughty looks aspire;
 And eke her love is pure immortall hye.
 Then, sith to heaven ye lykened are the best,
 Be lyke in merrey as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
 As is a Tygre, that with greedinesse
 Hunts after bloud; when he by chance doth
 find.

A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
 Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitillesse,
 As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
 Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
 Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
 Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
 As is a roeke amidst the raging floods;
 Gaynst which, a ship, of suecour desolate,
 Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
 That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
 Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWEET warriour! when shall I have peace
 with you?
 High time it is this warre now ended were,
 Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
 Ne your incessant battry more to beare:
 So weake my powres, so sore my wounds appeare,
 That wonder is how I should live a jot,
 Seeing my hart through launched every where
 With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
 Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
 But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
 Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
 In slaying him that would live gladly yours?
 Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace
 That al my wounds wil heale in little space

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.



WEAKE is th' assurance that weake flesh re-
poseth
In her owne powre, and scorneth others
ayde;

That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd
Her glorious pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance,
And he that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest; for on earth nought hath enduranee.

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre?

SONNET LIX.



RRISE happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and setled so in hart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start;
But, like a steddly ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends;
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.

Most happy she, that most assured doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best!

SONNET LX.

THEY, that in course of heavenly spheares
 are skild,
 To every planet point his sundry yeare,
 In which her cireles voyage is fulfild;
 As Mars in three seore yeares doth run his spheare.
 So, since the winged God his planet cleare
 Began in me to move, one yeare is spent:
 The which doth longer unto me appeare,
 Then al those fourty which my life outwent.
 Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
 The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes;
 Which I have wasted in long languishment,
 That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.
 But let my loves fayre planet short her wayes
 This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

SHE glorious image of the Makers beautie,
 My soverayne saynt, the Idoll of my thought,
 Dare not henceforth above the bounds of
 dewtie
 T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought:
 For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
 And of the brood of Angels heavenly born;
 And with the crew of blessed Saynts upbrought,
 Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
 The bud of joy, the blossome of the morne,
 The beame of light whom mortal eyes admyre;
 What reason is it, then, but she should scorne
 Base things, that to her love too bold aspire?
 Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
 Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

 HE weary yeare his race now having run,
 The new begins his compast eourse anew :
 With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
 Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.
 So let us, which this ehaunge of weather vew,
 Chaunge ceke our mynds, and former lives amend ;
 The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
 And fly the faults with which we did offend.
 Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly send
 Into the glooming world his gladsome ray ;
 And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,
 Shall turne to caulmes, and tymely cleare away.
 So, likewise, love ! eheare you your heavy spright,
 And ehaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

 FTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
 Which hardly I endured heretofore,
 In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
 With which my silly barke was tossed sore,
 I doe at length descry the happy shore,
 In which I hope ere long for to arryve :
 Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with store
 Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
 Most happy he, that can at last atchyeve
 The joyous safety of so sweet a rest ;
 Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
 Remembrance of all paines which him opprest !
 All paines are nothing in respect of this ;
 All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

SONNET LXIV.

OMMING to kisse her lyps, (such græce I
found)
Me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers ;
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto Roses red ;
Her snowy browes, lyke budded Bellamoures ;
Her lovely eyes, lyke Pineks but newly spred ;
Her goodly bosome, lyke a Strawberry bed ;
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes ;
Her brest, lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed ;
Her nipples, lyke young blossomd Jessemynes.
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell ;
But her sweet odour did them all exçell.

SONNET LXV.

HE doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre love, is
vaine,
That fondly feare to lose your liberty ;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tye
Without constraynt, or dread of any ill :
The gentle birde feeles no eaptivity
Within her cage ; but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
The league twixt them that loyal love hath bound ;
But simple truth, and mutual good will,
Seekes with sweet peace to salve each others wound :
There fayth doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.



O all those happy blessings, which ye have
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you
thrown,

This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne, but in heaven, matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a princes pere;
For now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
And in my darknesse greater doth appeare.

Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.



YKE as a huntsman after weary chae,ee,
Seeing the game from him eseapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady plaee,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the ehaee forsooke,
The gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her fymely tyde.

Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;
 And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence eaptive, us to win :
 This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin ;
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,
 Being with thy deare blood elene washt from sin,
 May live for ever in felieity !
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same againe ;
 And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
 With love may one another entertayne.
 So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought :
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the antieke world
 Us'd Trophees to erect in stately wize,
 In which they would the records have enrolld
 Of theyr great deeds and valarous emprise.
 What trophee then shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my loves conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity ?
 Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortall monument,
 And tell her prayse to all posterity,
 That may admire such worlds rare wonderment ;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty
king,
In whose cote armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd,
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd
Yet in her winters bowre, not well awake ;
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take ;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on love amongst his lovely erew ;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penancee dew.
Make hast therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime ;
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

IJOY to see how, in your drawn work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare ;
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt to catch her unaware :
Right so your selfe were caught in eunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thrall'd to his love ;
In whose streight bands ye now eaptived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all about
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne ;
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.



FT, when my spirit doth spred her bolder
winges,

In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,
And elogd with burden of mortality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt it baek doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile faney, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.

Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such hevens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.



BEING my selfe captyved here in care,
My hart, whom none with servile bands can
tye,

But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight;
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
To feed his fill, flyes baeke unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and prayses over all;

That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

MOST happy letters ! fram'd by skilfull trade
 With which that happy name was first de-
 synd,

The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
 With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.

The first my being to me gave by kind,
 From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent :
 The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
 That honour and large riehesse to me lent :
 The third, my love, my lives last ornament,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed,
 To speake her prayse and glory excellent ;
 Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.

Ye three Elizabeths, for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give !

SONNET LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand ;
 But eame the waves, and washed it away .
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand ;

But eame the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
 Vayne man ! sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
 A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
 For I my selfe shall lyke to this decay,
 And eek my name bce wyped out lykewize.
 Not so (quod I) ; let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the hevens wryte your glorious name ;
 Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

BAYRE bosome ! fraught with vertues richest
tresure,

The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright ;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray !
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray ;
And twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.

Sweet thoughts ! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAS it a dreame, or did I see it playne ?
A goodly table of pure yvory,
All spred with juncats, fit to entertayne

The greatest Princee with pompous roialty ?
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Two golden apples of unvalewd pricc ;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice :
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice ;
That many sought, yet none could ever taste ;
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from paradice
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste !

Her brest that table was, so richly spredd ;
My thoughts the guests which would thereon have
fedd.

SONNET LXXVIII.



ACKYNG my Love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne that late hath lost the
hynd ;

And seeke each where, where last I sawe her faee,
Whose ymage yet I earry fresh in mynd.

I seeke the fields with her late footing synd ;
I seeke her bowre with her late presenee deekt ;

Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd,
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspeet :

But when myne eyes I therunto direct,
They ydly baek returne to me agayne ;

And when I hope to see theyr trew object,
I fynd my self but fed with faneies vayne.

Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see ;
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.



EN eall you fayre, and you doe eredit it,
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see ;
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me :

For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew ;
But onely that is permanent, and free
From frayle eorruption that doth flesh ensew.

That is true beautie : that doth argue you
To be divine, and borne of heavenly seed ;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al true
And perfee beauty did at first proeeed :

He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made,
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

FTER so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books
compile,

Give leave to rest me, being halfe foredonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will break anew ;
And stoutly will that second work assoyle,
With strong endeavour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew
To sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet praise ;
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.

But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

AYRE is my Love, when her fayre golden
heares
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to
marke ;

Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke
With pretious merehandize, she forth doth lay ;
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away :
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight ;
Through which her words so wise do make their way
To beare the message of her gentle spright.

The rest be works of natures wonderment ;
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.


 OY of my life ! full oft for loving you
 I blesse my lot that was so lucky placed ;
 But then, the more your owne mishap I rew,
 That are so much by so meane love embased :
 For, had the equall hevens so much you graced
 In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
 Som heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
 Your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
 That little, that I am, shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal prayses forth ;
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.


 ET not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
 Breake out, that may her sacred peace
 molest ;
 Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
 Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest :
 But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
 And modest thoughts breathd from well tempred spirits,
 Goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest
 Accompanyde with angelick delightes.
 There fill your selfe with those most joyous sights,
 The which my selfe could never yet attayne ;
 But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
 Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.
 Onely behold her rare perfection,
 And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

SONNET LXXXIV.



HE world, that cannot deeme of worthy things,
 When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
 So does the Cuckow, when the Mavis sings,
 Begin his witlesse note apace to elatter.
 But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
 All that they know not envy or admyre;
 Rather then envy let them wonder at her,
 But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
 Deepe in the eloset of my parts entyre
 Her worth is written with a golden quill,
 That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
 And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill:
 Which when as fame in her shrill trump shal thunder,
 Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.



ENEMOUS toung, tipt with vile adders sting,
 Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell
 Theyr snaky heads doe eombe, from which
 a spring
 Of poysoned words and spightfull speeches well;
 Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
 Upon thee fall, for thine accursed hyre;
 That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
 In my true love did stirre up eoles of yre;
 The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
 And, eatching hold on thine own wicked hed,
 Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
 In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred!
 Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
 Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepar'd!

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
 Many long weary dayes I have outworne,
 And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
 Theyr sad protract from evening untill morne :
 For when as day the heaven doth adorne,
 I wish that night the noyous day would end ;
 And when as night hath us of light forlorne,
 I wish that day would shortly reascend.
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,
 And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
 That further seemes his terme still to extend,
 And maketh every minute seem a myle.
 So sorrowe still doth seeme too long to last,
 But joyous houres doe fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
 The which was wont to lead my thoughts
 astray,
 I wander as in darknesse of the night,
 Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
 Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
 When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
 But th' onely image of that heavenly ray,
 Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne :
 Of which beholding the Idæa playne,
 Through contemplation of my purest part,
 With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
 And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.
 But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
 I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

YKE as the Culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absenee of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishfull vow
For his returne that seemes to linger late;
So I alone, now left diseonsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love,
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove:
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight;
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.





POEMS.

IN youth before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny :
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

AS Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head :
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead :
With that Love wounded my loves hart,
But Diane beastes with Cupids dart.

ISAW, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her; "All hayle, my mother!"
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
"Then, never blush, Cupid (quoth I),
For many have err'd in this beauty."

UPON a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
 All in his mothers lap,
 A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm-
 'ring,

About him flew by hap :
 Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
 And saw the beast so small ;
 " Whats this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce,
 That wakens men withall ?
 In angry wize he flies about,
 And threatens all with corage stout." 10

To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
 'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game :
 " Sec ! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
 If thou regard the same ;
 And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
 Nor men in earth, to rest ;
 But when thou art disposed cruelly,
 Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
 Then eyther change thy cruelty,
 Or give lyke leave unto the fly." 20

Nathlesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
 Would needs the fly pursue ;
 And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
 Him caught for to subdue.
 But when on it he hasty hand did lay,
 The Bec him stung therefore :
 " Now out alas, (he cryde) and welaway !
 I wounded am full sore :
 The fly that I so much did scorne,
 Hath hurt me with his little horne." 30

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
 And of his grieve complayned ;

Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.

“ Think now, (quoth she) my sonne, how great the
smart

Of those whom thou dost wound :

Full many thou hast prieked to the hart,
That pitty never found.

Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of Lovers make.”

40

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock :

She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did moek.

She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well
With salve of soveraigne might ;
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.

Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis ?

50

The wanton boy was shortly wel reeured
Of that his malady ;

But he, soone after, fresh again enured
His former eruelty :

And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
With his sharpe dart of Love ;

And now forgets, the eruell carelesse elfe,
His mothers heast to prove.

So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

60



EPITHALAMION.

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to the ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your grace
full rymes,

That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in theyr praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament 10
Your dolefull dreriment :

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside ;
And having all your heads with girland crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envie :
So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

EARLY, before the worlds light giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred, 20
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake ; and with fresh lusty hed
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove :

Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
 And long since ready forth his maske to move,
 With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight, 30
 For lo ! the wished day is come at last,
 That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past
 Pay to her usury of long delight :
 And, whylest she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eecheo ring.

BRING with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
 Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her neare ;
 All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene. 40
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland,
 For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
 Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale poses,
 And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridale bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along, 50
 And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
 Which done, doe at her ehamber dore awayt,
 For she will waken strayt,
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing ;
 The woods shall to you answer, and your Eecheo ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
 The silver sealy trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doo exeell ;)

And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake 60

Where none doo fishes take,
 Bynd up the looks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faeces as the ehristall bright,
 That when you eome whereas my love doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountayne use to towre,
 And the wylde wolves which seeke them to devoure,
 With your steele darts doo ehace from eomming neer;
 Be also present heere, 71
 To helpe to deeke her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eeeho ring.

WAKE now, my love, awake ! for it is time ;
 The rosy Morne long sincee left Tithones bed,
 All ready to her silver eoehe to elyme ;
 And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
 Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do ehaut theyr laies,
 And earroll of loves praise.
 The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft ; 80
 The Thrush replies ; the Mavis deseant playes ;
 The Ouzell shrills ; the Ruddoek warbles soft ;
 So goodly all agree with sweet eonsent
 To this dayes meriment.
 Ah ! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds lovelearned song,
 The deawy leaves among ?
 For they of joy and pleasanee to you sing, 90
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
 And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
 More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,

Helpe quickly her to dight :
 But first come, ye fayre houres, which were begot,
 In Joves sweet paradice, of Day and Night ;
 Which doe the seasons of the year allot, 100
 And al that ever in this world is fayre
 Do make and still repayre :
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
 The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride :
 And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
 Some graces to be seene ;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eecho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come : 110
 Let all the virgins therefore well awayt ;
 And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
 Prepare your selves, for he is eomming strayt.
 Set all your things in seemely good aray,
 Fit for so joyfull day :
 The joyfult day that ever Sunne did see.
 Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
 Her beauty to disgraee. 120
 O fayrest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
 Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
 But let this day, let this one day, be myne ;
 Let all the rest be thine :
 Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
 That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eecho ring.

HARKE ! how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry Musiek that resounds from far, 130
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling eroud,
 That well agree withouten breach or jar.

But most of all the Damzels doe delite,
 When they their tymbrels smyte,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
 That all the senees they doe ravish quite ;
 The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyee,
 Hymen ! io Hymen ! Hymen ! they do shout ; 140
 That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill :
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
 And loud advaunce her laud ;
 And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eecho ring.

LOE ! where she comes along with portly paece,
 Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,
 Arysing forth to run her mighty race, 150
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
 Some Angell she had beene.
 Her long loose yellow loeks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;
 And being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare, 160
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
 So farre from being proud.
 Nathlesse, doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eecho ring

TELL me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before,

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store? 170
 Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead yvory white,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
 Her brest like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
 Her paps lyke lillies budded,
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending uppe, with many a stately stayre,
 To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. 180
 Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
 Medusaes mazeful hed. 190
 There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
 Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
 Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
 There vertue raynes as Qucene in royal throne,
 And giveth lawes alone,
 The which the base affections doe obay,
 And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye oncc seene these her celestial treasures, 200
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your eccho
 ring.

OPEN the temple gates unto my love!
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew
 That commeth in to you.

With trembling steps, and humble reverence, 210
 She commeth in before th' Almightyes vew
 Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces.
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred eeremonies there partake,
 The which do endlesse matrimony make;
 And let the roring Organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
 The whiles, with hollow throates, 220
 The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
 That all the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

BEHOLD, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
 Like crimsin dyde in grayne;
 That even the Angels, which continually
 About the sacred altare doe remaine, 230
 Forget their service and about her fly,
 Ofte peeping in her face, that seemes more fayre,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand
 The pledge of all our band?

Sing, ye sweet Angels, Allelnya sing, 240
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done : bring home the Bride againe ;
Bring home the triumph of our vietory ;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live long day ;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine ;
And let the Graees daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best :
The whiles the maydens doe theyr earroll sing,
To which the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

RING ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne, 261
And leave your wonted labors for this day :
This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence deelining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was, 270
To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
Yet never day so long but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day ;

And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend; 280
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet! to thy home
Within the Westernne fome:
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guidest lovers through the nights sad dread, 290
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their ccho ring.

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough is it that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come, now soone her disaray, 300
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke. 310
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,

And leave my love alone ;
 And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
 The woods no more shal answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, night ! thou night so long expected,
 That long daies labour doest at last defray,
 And all my cares, which cruell love collected,
 Hast sund in one, and cancelled for aye :
 Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
 That no man may us see ; 320
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
 From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
 Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our joy ;
 But let the night be calme and quiet some,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad afay :
 Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great T'irynthian groome :
 Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie, 330
 And begot Majesty.
 And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing ;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

LET no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without :
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights ;
 Ne let housefyres, nor lightnings helpless harmes, 340
 Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
 Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
 Ne let hob goblins, names whose sense we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not ;
 Let not the shriech Owle, nor the Storke, be heard ;
 Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels ;
 Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels ;

Nor griesly vultures make us once affcard :
 Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of Frogs still croking
 Make us to wish theyr ehoking. 350
 Let none of these theyr drery accents sing ;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

BUT let stil Silence trew night watches keepe,
 That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
 And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne ;
 The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
 Like divers fethered doves,
 Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reproves 360
 Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares shal
 spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Coneeald through covert night.
 Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will ;
 For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes
 Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
 Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soone be day :
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing ; 370
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

WHO is the same, which at my window peepes,
 Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright ?
 Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
 But walkes about high heaven al the night ?
 O, fayrest goddessesse ! do thou not envy
 My Love with me to spy ;
 For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
 And for a fleece of woll, which privily
 The Latmian shephard once unto thee brought, 380
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to us be favorable now ;

And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly dost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
 And the chaste womb informe with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed :
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing ;
 Ne let the woods us answer, nor our Eccho ring.

AND thou, great Juno, which with awful might 390
 The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize ;
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Of women in their smart ;
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genius, in whose gentle hand
 The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
 Without blemish or staine ; 400
 And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
 With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny ;
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night :
 And thou, fayre Hebe, and thou, Hymen free,
 Grant that it may so be !
 Till which we cease your further prayse to sing ;
 Ne any woods shal answer, nor your Eccho ring.

AND ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
 Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadful darknesse lend desired light ;
 And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
 More than we men can fayne,
 Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
 And happy influence upon us raine,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the earth, which they may long possesse

With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount : 420
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing,
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring.

SONG ! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect, 430
But promist both to recompens ;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment !



FOWRE HYMNES,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

LONDON,

Printed for William Ponsonby.

1596.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,
THE LADIE MARGARET, COUNTESSE OF CUMBER-
LAND; AND THE LADIE MARIE, COUNTESSE OF
WARWICK.



HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But, being unable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retractation, to reforme them, making, in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestially. The which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one and the other kinde; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich this first of September, 1596. Your Honors most bounden ever,

in all humble service,

ED. SP.



AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty
powre
Perforcee subdude my poore captived hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse
stowre,

Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part,
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name, 10
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdued.

Onely I fear my wits, enfeebled late
Through the sharpe sorrowes which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed :
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, 20
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come! thou mightie God of love,
 Out of thy silver bowres and seeret blisse,
 Where thou doest sit in Venus lap above,
 Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
 That sweeter farre than any neectar is;
 Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
 With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses, which have often proved
 The piercing points of his avengefull darts; 30
 And ye, fair Nymphs, which oftentimes have loved
 The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
 Prepare your selves, and open wide your harts
 For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
 That made you merie oft when ye were sorie.

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed,
 Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
 Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
 But sterve their harts that needeth nourture most,
 Prepare your selves to march amongst his host, 40
 And all the way this sacred Hymne do sing,
 Made in the honor of your Sovereaine king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the mynd,
 And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
 Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
 That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
 Making their cruell rage thy seornefull game,
 And in their roring taking great delight,
 Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare 50
 The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
 When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
 Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,
 Though elder then thine own nativitie,
 And yet a ehylde, renewing still thy yeares,
 And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
 Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept, .
 In which his goodly face long hidden was
 From heavens view, and in deepe darknesse kept, 60
 Love, that had now long time securely slept
 In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
 Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked :

And taking to him wings of his own heate,
 Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre,
 He gan to move out of his idle seate ;
 Weakely at first, but after with desyre
 Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
 And, like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight
 Through all that great wide wast, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way, 71
 His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray :
 Then through the world his way he gan to take,
 The world that was not till he did it make,
 Whose sundrie parts he from them selves did sever,
 The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
 Then gan to raunge them selves in huge array,
 And with contrary forces to conspyre 80
 Each against other by all meanes they may,
 Threatning their owne confusion and decay :
 Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
 Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well
 Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
 Did place them all in order, and compell
 To keepe them selves within their sundrie raines,
 Together linkt with adamantine chaines ;
 Yet so, as that in every living wight 90
 They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
 And duly well observed his behest ;
 Through which now all these things that are contained
 Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
 Their being have, and daily are increast
 Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
 Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
 To multiply the likenesse of their kynd, 100
 Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
 To quench the flame which they in burning fynd ;
 But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
 Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
 Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For having yet in his deducted spright
 Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
 He is enlumind with that goodly light,
 Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre :
 Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre 110
 That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace ;
 That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure, of all that in this mortall frame
 Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
 Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame
 Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.
 What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
 Fraile men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
 At sight thereof so much enravisht bee !

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy 120
 Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
 Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance coy
 Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,
 And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
 Which suekes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe,
 Of carefull wretches with consuming grieve.

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane :
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light disdain :
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine 131
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou, tyrant Love, doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play,
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay ;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer. 140

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarse any little part ;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doest shew no favour unto mee, 150
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame ?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the souveraine Lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize, 160
And on thy subjects most doth tyrannize ?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swerve,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties be enfyred,
As things divine least passions doe impresse, 170
The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre:
Such faneies feeble no love, but loose desyre.

For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through eowardly distrust 180
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that eelestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heaueie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion, 190
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
 He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
 Still full, yet never satisfyde with it;
 Like Tantale that in store doth sterved ly, 200
 So doth he pinc in most satiety;
 For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
 Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
 Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine;
 His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
 That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
 In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine:
 Thriee happie man! might he the same possesse,
 He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse. 210

And though he do not win his wish to end,
 Yet thus farre happie he him selfe doth weene,
 That heavens such happie gracee did to him lend,
 As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene
 His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene,
 Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
 Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he easts in his unquiet thought,
 What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
 What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought, 220
 What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
 May please her best, and grace unto him gaine:
 He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
 His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
 Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
 But eariest him to that which he had eyde,
 Through seas, through flames, through thousand
 swords and speares;
 Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
 With which thou armest his resistlesse hand. 230

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
 And stout Æneas in the Trojane fyre,
 Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,
 And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
 Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre;
 For both through heaven and hell thou makest way,
 To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils, and these paynes,
 He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
 What heavens of joy then to himselfe he faynes! 240
 Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory
 What ever ill before he did aby:
 Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
 To live thus happie as her graee to gaine.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
 He nathemore can so contented rest,
 But foreeth further on, and striveth still
 T' approach more neare, till in her inmost brest
 He may embosomd bee and loved best;
 And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone, 250
 For love cannot endure a Paragone.

The fear whereof, O! how doth it torment
 His troubled mynd with more than hellish paine;
 And to his fayning fansie represent
 Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
 To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
 Thou that hast never lov'd eanst not beleeve
 Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
 The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes, 260
 The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
 The doubts, the daungers, the delays, the woes,
 The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
 With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
 Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eats the heart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie. 270
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake:
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare,
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradize 280
Of all delight and joyous happy rest,
Where they doe feede on nectar heavenly wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;
And lie like Gods in yvorie beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame, 290
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their Queene,
And decke with floures thy altars well besenc.

Ay me! deare Lord, that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might my selfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure!
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small. 300

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
 An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
 And thy triumphant name then would I raise
 Bove all the gods, thee only honoring;
 My guide, my god, my viator, and my king:
 Till then, dread Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
 This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.



H! whither, Love, wilt thou now carrie
 mee?

What wantlesse fury dost thou now in-
 spire

Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
 Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
 Thou in me kindest much more great desyre,
 And up aloft above my strength doth rayse
 The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
 So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
 An honourable Hymne I eke should frame, 10
 And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
 The ravisht hearts of gazefull men might reare
 To admiration of that heavenly light,
 From whence proceeds such soule enhaunting might.

Therto do thou, great Goddess! queene of Beauty,
 Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
 Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty
 Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
 Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
 T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne, 20
 And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne:

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
 And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
 That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
 It may so please, that she at length will streame
 Some dew of grace into my withered hart,
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORKMAISTER
 did east

To make al things such as we now behold, 30
 It seems that he before his eyes had plast
 A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
 He fashiond them as comely as he could,
 That now so faire and secmely they appeare,
 As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne, wheresoere it bee,
 Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
 Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
 With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore ; 40
 Whose face and feature doth so much exeell
 All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
 Or more or lesse, by influenec divine,
 So it more faire accordingly it makes,
 And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
 Which closeth it thereafter, doth refyne,
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light
 Of that faire beame which therein is empyht.

For through infusion of celestiall powre, 50
 The duller earth it quiekneeth with delight,
 And life-full spirits privily doth powre
 Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
 They seeme to please. That is thy souveraine might,
 O Cyprian queene ! which, flowing from the beame
 Of thy bright starre, thou into them docst streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe ; which, shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60
And robs the harts of those which it admyre :
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent,
That beautie is nought else but mixture made .
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade ;
Or that it is but comely eomposition
Of parts well measurd with meet disposition ! 70

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart ?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense and reason blynd ?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield, 80
Worke like impression in the lookers vew ?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming every part ?

But ah ! beleeeve me there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men ;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme, 90
An outward shew of things that onely seeme :

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
 With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
 And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spread
 Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
 To that they were, even to corrupted clay :
 That golden wyre, those sprekling stars so bright,
 Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose eelestiall ray
 That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire, 100
 Shall never be extinguisht nor decay ;
 But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
 Unto her native planet shall retyre,
 For it is heavenly borne and cannot die,
 Being a parell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was
 At first out of that great immortall Spright
 By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
 Down from the top of purest heavens hight
 To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110
 And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
 Which lights the world forth from his fire eerre

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
 When she in fleshly seede is eft enraeed,
 Through every part she doth the same impresse,
 According as the heavens have her graeed ;
 And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
 Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
 Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have
 The most resemblance of that heavenly light, 121
 Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
 Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
 And the grosse matter by a souveraine might
 Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene
 A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
 So it the fairer bodie doth proeure
 To habit in, and it more fairely dight 130
 With chearefull graec and amiable sight :
 For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where ever that thou doest behold
 A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
 Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
 A beauteous soule, with fair conditions thewed,
 Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed ;
 For all that faire is, is by nature good :
 That is a signe to know the gentle blood. 140

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
 Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
 Either by chaunce, against the eourse of kynd,
 Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd ;
 Whieh it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
 That will not yield unto her formes direction,
 But is perform'd with some foule imperfeetion.

And oft it falles, (ay me, the more to rew !)
 That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,
 Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew, 150
 Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
 Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
 Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
 But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will.
 Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
 However fleshes fault it filthy make ; 160
 For things immortall no eorruption take.

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deare ornaments,
And lively images of heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiall lust, fair beauties foulest blame, 170
That base affections, which your eares would bland
Commend to you by loves abused name,
But is indecde the bondslave of defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display: 180
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflection,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize, 190
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jarre:

For love is a celestiall harmonie
 Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
 Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
 To work ech others joy and true content, 200
 Which they have harbourd since their first descent
 Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
 And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
 Should in loves gentle band combyned bee,
 But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,
 And made out of one mould the more t' agree :
 For all that like the beautie which they see
 Streight do not love ; for love is not so light
 As streight to burne at first beholders sight. 210

But they which love indeede looke otherwise
 With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
 Drawing out of the object of their eyes
 A more refyned forme, which they present
 Unto their mind voide of all blenishment ;
 Which it reducing to her first perfection,
 Beholdeth free from fleshs frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
 Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
 Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight, 220
 Thercof he fashions in his higher skill
 An heavenly beautie to his fancies will ;
 And it embracing in his mind entyre,
 The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
 As outward it appeareth to the eye,
 And with his spirits proportion to agree,
 He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
 And fully setteth his felicitie ;
 Counting it fairer then it is indeede, 230
 And yet indeede her fairnesse doth excede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
 'Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
 See more then any other eyes can see,
 'Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
 Which carrie privie message to the spright;
 And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
 As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
 Armies of Loves still flying too and fro, 240
 Which dart at them their litle fierie launces;
 Whom having wounded, backe againe they go,
 Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;
 Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
 Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
 To their conceipt, that others never see!
 Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
 Like Gods with nectar in their bankets free;
 Now of her lookes, which like to cordials bee: 250
 But when her words embassade forth she sends,
 Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
 A thousand graees masking in delight;
 Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
 Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
 Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night;
 But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
 So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more 260
 Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend
 To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
 That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
 And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;
 That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
 And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then Iö, tryumph ! O great beauties Queene,
 Advanee the banner of thy conquest hie,
 That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
 May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie 270
 Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,
 Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
 Compyld by me which thy poore liegeman am !

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soveraine !
 That she, whose conquering beauty doth captive
 My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
 One drop of graee at length will to me give,
 That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
 And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
 May owe to her, of whom I it reeeaved. 280

And you faire Venus dearling, my dear dread !
 Fresh flowre of graee, great Goddesse of my life,
 When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
 Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
 That may reeure my harts long pyning grieve,
 And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
 That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings
 From this base world unto thy heavens
 hight,
 Where I may see those admirable things
 Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
 Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
 That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
 Unto the god of Love, high heavens king.

Many lewd layes (ah, woe is me the more!)
 In praise of that mad fit which fooles call love,
 I have in th' heat of youth made herctofore, 10
 That in light wits did loose affection move ;
 But all those follies now I do reprove,
 And turned have the tenor of my string,
 The heavenly prayes of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
 To reade my fault, and wondring at my flame,
 To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,
 Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
 And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame,
 • For who my passed follies now pursewes, 20
 Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in which al
 things

Are now containd, found any being place,
 Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
 About that mightie bound which doth embrace
 The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres by space,
 That high eternall powre, which now doth move
 In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lovd it selfe, because it selfe was faire ;
 (For fair is lov'd ;) and of it selfe begot 30
 Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
 Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
 The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
 Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
 Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd.

With him he raignd, before all time preseribed,
 In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
 Together with that third from them derived,
 Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright !
 Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
 Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse 41
 With equall words ean hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lampe of light,
 Eternall spring of graee and wisdomes trew,
 Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
 Some little drop of thy eelestiall dew,
 That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
 And give me words equall unto my thought,
 To tell the marveiles by thy mereie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull graee, 50
 And full of fruitfull love, that loves to get
 Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his rae,
 His second brood, though not of powre so great,
 Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,
 An infinite increase of Angels bright,
 All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable light
 (Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
 Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold) 60
 He gave as their inheritanee to hold,
 That they might serve him in eternal blis,
 And be partakers of those joyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplieities
 About him wait, and on his will depend,
 Either with nimble wings to eut the skies,
 When he them on his messages doth send,
 Or on his owne dread presenee to attend,
 Where they behold the glorie of his light,
 And earoll Hymnes of love both day and night. 70

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
 For he his beames doth unto them extend,
 That darknesse there appeareth never none;
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
 But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend:
 Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan east their state how to increase 80
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods own seat without commission :
The brightest Angel, even the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell, 90
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee ;
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure ?

But that eternall fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all, 100
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde pallace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen Colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Whieh he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make ; and breathd a living spright 110
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could :
 Him to be lord of every living wight
 He made by love out of his owne like mould,
 In whom he might his mightie selfe behould ;
 For love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
 That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace 120
 No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensew,
 Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
 Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
 And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
 Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
 Of never dead yet ever dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
 Made of meere love, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
 In that deep horror of despayred hell, 130
 Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger dwell,
 But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which he reigned with his glorious Syrc,
 He downe descended, like a most demisse
 And abject thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
 That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
 And him restore unto that happie state
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate. 140

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde ;
 Nor spirit, nor Angel, though they man surpas,
 Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
 But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde :
 So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
 For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
 Without all blemish or reproehfull blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torne 150
 Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
 Revyling him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nailed on a gallow tree,
 And slew the just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakeable impression
 Of loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart
 Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
 And sharply launching every inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
 Doing him die that never it deserved, 160
 To free his foes, that from his heast had swerved!

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launeh,
 Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound,
 Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never
 stauneh,

But stil do flow, and freshly still redound
 To heaie the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
 And elense the guilt of that infected eryme
 Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme?

O blessed well of love! O floure of grace!
 O glorious Morning-Starre! O lampe of Light! 170
 Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
 Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of might,
 Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
 How can we thee requite for all this good?
 Or what can prize that thy most preeious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
 But love of us for guerdon of thy paine:
 Ay me! what can us lesse then that behove?
 Had he required life for us againe,
 Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with gaine? 180
 He gave us life, he it restored lost;
 Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
 Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee,
 As he himselfe hath lov'd us aforehand,
 And bound therto with an eternall band,
 Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
 And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is, 190
 Who first to us our life and being gave,
 And after, when we fared had amisse,
 Us wretches from the second death did save;
 And last, the food of life, which now we have,
 Even he himselfe, in his deare sacrament,
 To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren that were made
 Of that selfe mould, and that self Maker's hand,
 That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
 Where they shall have like heritage of land, 200
 How ever here on higher steps we stand,
 Which also were with selfe same price redeemed
 That we, how ever of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
 Commaunded us to love them for his sake,
 Even for his sake, and for his saered word,
 Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
 We should them love, and with their needs partake;
 Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
 We give to him by whom we all doe live. 210

Such merey he by his most holy reede
 Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
 Ensampld it by his most righteous deede,
 Shewing us mereie, miserable erew!
 That we the like should to the wretches shew,
 And love our brethren; thereby to approve
 How much himselfe that loved us we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O earth ! out of thy soyle,
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
 And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle, 220
 Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne ;
 Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
 That thou this soveraine bountie mayst behold,
 And read through love his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he eneradled was
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
 Betweene the toylfull Oxe and humble Asse,
 And in what rags, and in how base aray,
 The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
 When him the silly Shepheards came to see, 230
 Whom greatest Princees sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storic of his life,
 His humble earriage, his unfaulty wayes,
 His cancered foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
 His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
 Through which he past his miserable dayes,
 Offending none, and doing good to all,
 Yet being malist both by great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
 He taken was, betrayd, and false aecused, 240
 How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights
 He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused ;
 How seourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused ;
 And, lastly, how twixt robbers crueifyde, [syde !
 With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
 Empiereed be with pittifull remorse,
 And let thy bowels blecde in every vaine,
 At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
 So torne and mangled with malicious forse ; 250
 And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
 Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened spirit
 Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
 Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
 Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
 And to his sovraine mercie doe appeale;
 Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
 And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind, 260
 Thou must him love, and his behests embrace:
 All other loves, with which the world doth blind
 Weake faneies, and stirre up affections base,
 Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
 And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
 That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
 And ravisht with devouring great desire
 Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
 In flame with love, and set thee all on fire 270
 With burning zeale, through every part entire,
 That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
 But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
 And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
 Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure sighted eye,
 Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
 Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
 With admiration of their passing light,
 Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright. 280

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
 With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
 With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
 Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

AN HYMNE ON HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.



APT with the rage of mine owne ravisht
thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly
sights,

And glorious Images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceived sprights,
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spright !
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light 10
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see ;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty, 20
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subjeet to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky,
Of the soare Fauleon so I learne to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
 With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame 30
 Of this wyde Universe, and therein reed
 The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
 Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime ;
 All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
 And all with admirable beautie deekt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillars founded
 Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands ;
 Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
 On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands
 Never consum'd, nor queneht with mortall hands ; 40
 And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
 Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
 That still as every thing doth upward tend,
 And further is from earth, so still more cleare
 And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
 Of purest beautie it at last ascend ;
 Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
 And heaven then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye 50
 On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
 The house of blessed God, which men eall Skye,
 All sowd with glistring stars more thieke then grasse,
 Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
 But those two most, which, ruling night and day,
 As King and Queene the heavens empire sway ;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
 That to their beautie may eompared bee,
 Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
 Endure their Captaines flaming head to see ? 60
 How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
 And so much fairer, and much more than these,
 As these are fairer then the land and seas ?

For farre above these heavens, which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs. 70

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
Until they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around ;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arive
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face 80
Of the divine eternall Majestie ;
More faire is that, where those Ideas on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure Intelligéces from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do raine
The soveraigne Powres and mightie Potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes and imperiall States ;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heavenly Dominations are set, 90
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light ;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excellling,
 As to the Highest they approach more near, 100
 Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
 Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
 Though all their beauties joyn'd together were ;
 How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
 The image of such endlesse perfectnesse ?

Cease then, my tongue, and lend unto my mynd
 Leave to bethinke how great that beautie is,
 Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd ;
 How much more those essentiall parts of his,
 His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his blis, 110
 His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his might,
 By which he lends us of himselfe a sight.

Those unto all he daily doth display,
 And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
 As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
 Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
 That are unable else to see his face,
 His glorious face ! which glistereth else so bright,
 That th' Angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights ! whose sight cannot sustaine 120
 The suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
 But that their points rebutted baeke againe
 Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
 The glorie of that Majestie divine,
 In sight of whom both sun and moone are darke,
 Compared to his least resplendent sparke ?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
 Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
 Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
 And in the same, as in a brazen booke, 130
 To read enregistred in every nooke
 His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare ;
 For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation
 To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
 Mount up aloft, through heavenly contemplation,
 From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do blynd,
 And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd,
 On that bright Sunne of glorie fixe thine eyes,
 Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities. 140

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
 Before the footestoole of his Majestie
 Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innoeence,
 Ne dare looke up with corruptible eye
 On the dred face of that great Deity,
 For feare, lest if he chaunce to look on thee,
 Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
 Close covered with the Lambes integrity
 From the just wrath of his avengefull threate 150
 That sits upon the righteous throne on hy :
 His throne is built upon Eternity,
 More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
 Or the hard diamond which them both doth passe.

His seepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
 With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
 Under the rigour of his judgment just ;
 His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
 From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
 That all about him sheddeth glorious light : 161

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
 Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
 That with his beames enlumineth the darke
 And dampish air, wherby al things are red ;
 Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
 Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
 The greatest Wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
 Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare, 170
 More exeellent, more glorious, more divine,
 Through which to God all mortall aetions here,
 And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare ;
 For from th' eternall Truth it doth proceed,
 Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
 His throne is all encompasped around,
 And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
 Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound ;
 And underneath his feet are to be found 180
 Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
 The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
 The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
 Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
 For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
 And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
 Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
 And make her native brightnes seem more cleare

And on her head a crown of purest gold 190
 Is set, in signe of highest soverainty ;
 And in her hand a seepter she doth hold,
 With which she rules the house of God on hy,
 And menageth the ever-moving sky,
 And in the same these lower creatures all
 Subjected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
 And all the creatures which they both containe ;
 For of her fulnesse, which the world doth fill,
 They all partake, and do in state remaine 200
 As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
 Through observation of her high beheast,
 By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her faee no tongue can tell;
 For she the daughters of all wemens rae,
 And Angels eke, in beautie doth exeell,
 Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious faee,
 And more inereast by her owne goodly grace,
 That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
 Ne can on earth compared be to ought. 210

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
 Which pictured Venus with so eurious quill,
 That all posteritie admyred it,
 Have purtray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
 Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
 And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
 Could once come neare this beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
 Or that sweete Teian poet, which did spend
 His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise, 220
 Seen but a glims of this which I pretend,
 How wondrously would he her faee eommend,
 Above that Idole of his fayning thought,
 That all the world should with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the noviee of his art,
 Presume to pieture so divine a wight,
 Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
 Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light,
 And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?
 Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint 230
 The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly faee behold
 And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
 And those most saered mysteries unfold
 Of that faire love of mightie heavens King;
 Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
 And, being thus with her huge love possest,
 In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace, 240
And lets his owne Beloved to behold ;
For in the view of her celestiaall face
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have plaec ;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre, 250
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to reccave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceave,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things, 260
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fillles the brasen sky ;
And feele such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

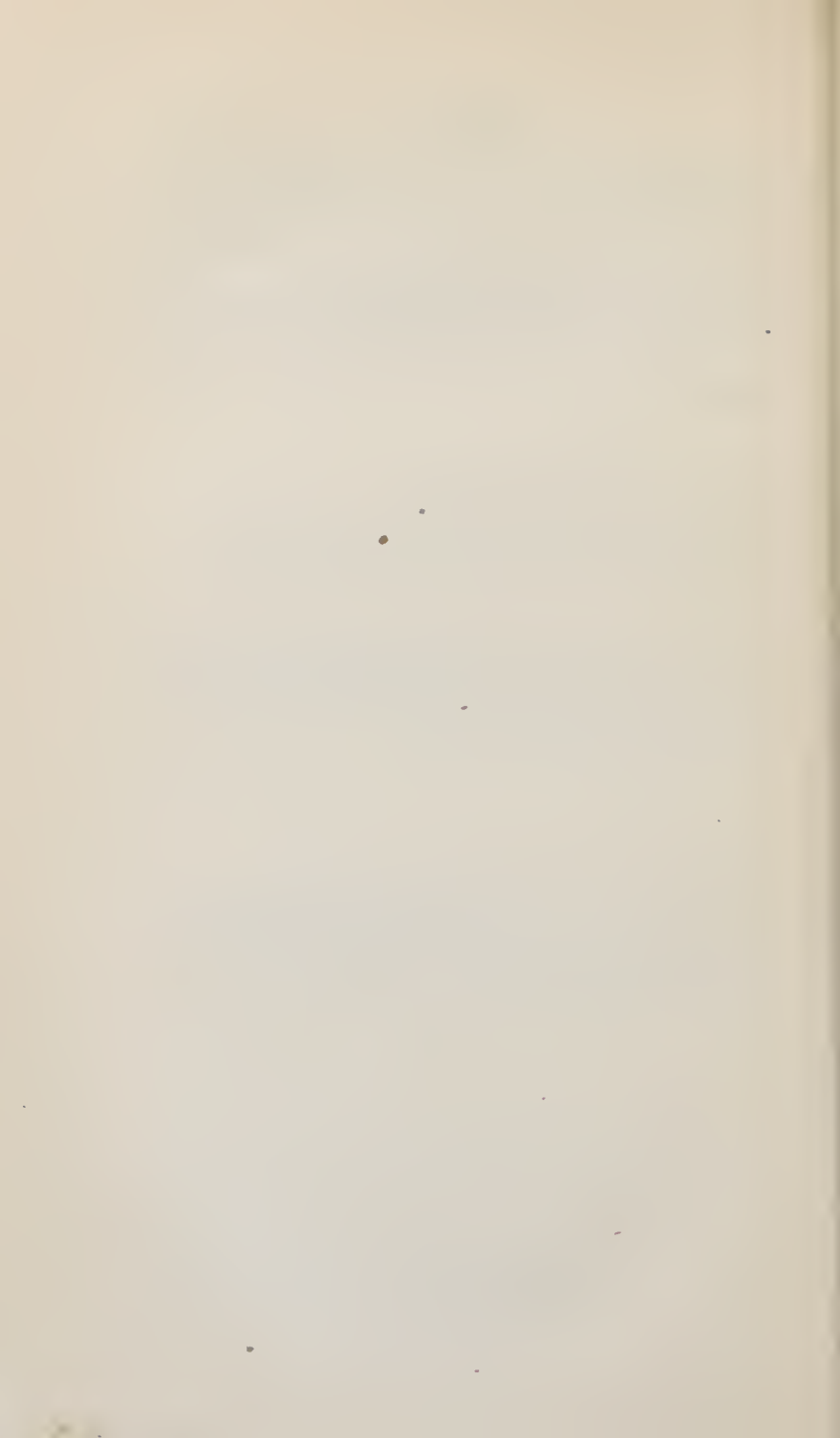
Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine ;
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine : 270
Their joy, their eomfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre,
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse. 280

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in theyr inward ey;
On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
All happie joy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry Soule! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And with false beauties flattrring bait misled, 290
Hast after vaine decciptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought,
But late repentanee through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that souveraine light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest, 300
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.



D A P H N A Ì D A.

A N E L E G I E

*Upon the Death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard,
daughter and beire of Henry Lord Howard,
Viscount Byndon, and wife of
Arthur Gorges, Esquier.*

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE
HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

BY ED. SP.

A T L O N D O N

Printed for William Ponsonby.

1596.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS
LADY, HELENA, MARQUESSE OF
NORTH-HAMPTON.



HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman, of whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The oecasion why I wrote the same, was aswell the great good fame which I heard of her deeeassed, as the partieular goodwill which I beare unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable reeords, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their Princee and Countrey: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes. And therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the White Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and echildren do so neerely partieipate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I reecomend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first of Januarie, 1591.

Your Honours humbly ever.

ED. SP.



D A P H N A I D A.

WHATEVER man he be whose heavie mynd,
With grieve of mournfull great mishap
opprest,
Fit matter for his eares increase would
fynd,

Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, (I weene) the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empiereed brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeeces rive.

But who so else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence ; 10
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing,
For even their heavie song would breede delight ;
But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweete harmonie,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weave the direfull threeds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto ; and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly Ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene. 21

In gloomie evening, when the wearie Sun
 After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
 And swcatie steedes, now having over run
 The compast skie, gan water in the west,
 I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
 In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
 With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
 Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse, 30
 Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
 Her long borne Infant, fruit of heaviness,
 Which she conceived hath through meditation
 Of this worlds vainesse and life's wretchednesse,
 That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.

So as I muzed on the miserie
 In which men live, and I of many most,
 Most miserable man ; I did espie
 Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
 Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray, 40
 And Jacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
 Like to some Pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse lockes, uncombed and unshorne,
 Hong long adowne, and beard all over growne,
 That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne :
 Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
 As loathing light ; and ever as he went
 He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
 As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his faec I vewed nere, 50
 And by the semblant of his countenaunce
 Me seemd I had his person seene else where,
 Most like Aleyon seeming at a glaunce ;
 Aleyon he, the jollie Shepheard swaine,
 That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
 And fill with pleasance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise
 I softlie sayd, Aleyon ! There withall
 He lookt a side as in disdainefull wise,
 Yet stayed not, till I againe did call : 60
 Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,
 " Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground ?"

" Onc, whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
 And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe :
 Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
 Then stay, Aleyon, gentle shepheard, stay,
 (Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare
 Committed what thee dooth so ill apay." 70

" Cease, foolish man," (saide he, halfe wrothfully)
 " To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
 For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplie
 My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold ;
 Ne doo I care that any should bemone
 My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
 But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone."

" Then be it so," (quoth I) " that thou art bent
 To die alone, unpitied, unplained ;
 Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient 80
 To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
 Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
 And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
 That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt."

" Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
 From the strong shackles of fraile flesh," (quoth he)
 " Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
 Decme the occasion of his death to bee ;
 Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
 Than question made of his calamitie ; 90
 For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light."

“ Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe excedeth living thought)
I will to thee this heavie ease relate :
Then hearken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

“ Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keep, 100
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe :
Nought earde I then for worldly echange or ehaunce,
For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunee.

“ It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearlesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native Rose before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine 110
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

“ Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to east how I her eompasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene.
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her eaught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver ehaine.

“ And afterwards I handled her so fayre, 120
That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,
For being borne an auneient Lions hayre,
And of the rae that all wild beastes do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of eheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went :

" For shee in field, where ever I did wend,
 Would wend with me, and waite by me all day ;
 And all the night that I in watch did spend,
 If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay, 130
 Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe ;
 And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
 She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

" Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
 Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
 All were I drown'd in earelesse quiet deepe :
 My lovely Lionesse without beheast
 So careful was for them, and for my good,
 That when I waked, neither most nor least
 I found misearied or in plaine or wood. 140

" Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
 And oft their lasses, which my luek envyde,
 Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
 To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wyde
 Were spred abroad ; and when her worthinesse
 Much greater than the rude report they try'de,
 They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

" Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
 And well did hope my joy would have no end ;
 But oh ! fond man ! that in worlds fiekenesse 150
 Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend
 That glories most in mortall miseries,
 And daylie doth her echangefull counsels bend
 To make new matter fit for Tragedies ;

" For whilst I was thus without dread or dout,
 A eruel Satyre with his murdrous dart,
 Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
 Gave her the fatall wound of deadly smart,
 And reft from me my sweete companion,
 And reft fro me my love, my life, my hart : 160
 My Lyonesse (ah, woe is me !) is gon.

“ Out of the world thus was she reft away,
 Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,
 And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray,
 Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyle
 Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament ;
 Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
 And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.”

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
 That I for pittie of his heavie plight 170
 Could not abstain mine eyes with teares to steepe ;
 But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
 Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe :
 “ Certes, Alcyon, painefull is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

“ Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
 The riddle of thy loved Lionesse ;
 For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
 That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
 Should to a beast his noble hart embase, 180
 And be the vassall of his vassalesse :
 Therefore more plain arcad this doubtfull ease.”

Then sighing sore, “ Daphne thou knewest,” (quoth he)
 “ She now is dead !” ne more endur'd to say,
 But fell to ground for great extremitie ;
 That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
 Was much appald ; and lightly him uprearing
 Revoked life that would have fled away,
 All were my selfe, through grief, in dreadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best, 190
 And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
 The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
 But he thereby was more empassionate :
 As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate ;
 And, breaking foorth at last, thus dearnely plained :

I.

“ What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
 Will honour heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
 Which so unjustly doth their judgements share
 Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore 200
 The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
 And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppress? ”

“ If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected?
 Or why be they themselves immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected?
 She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
 Yet she in purenesse heaven it selfe did pas. 210 ”

“ In purenesse and in all celestially grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind,
 She did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
 Living on earth like Angell new divinde,
 Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beautie much more beautific. ”

“ No age hath bred (since faire Astræa left
 The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight;
 And when she parted hence with her she reft 220
 Great hope, and robd her race of bountie quight:
 Well may the shepherd lasses now lament,
 For double losse by her hath on them light,
 To lose both her and bounties ornament. ”

“ Ne let Elisa, royall Shepherdesse,
 The praises of my parted love envy,
 For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
 Powr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
 By her owne Shepherd, Colin, her owne Shepherd,
 That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie, 230
 Of rusticke muse full hardly to be betterd. ”

“ She is the Rose, the glory of the day,
 And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade.
 Mine, ah ! not mine ; amisse I mine did say :
 Not mine, but his, which mine a while her made ;
 Mine to be his, with him to live for ay.
 O, that so faire a flowre so soone should fade,
 And through untimely tempest fall away !

“ She fell away in her first ages spring, 239
 Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
 And whilst her braunch faire blossomes foorth did
 bring,
 She fell away against all course of kinde :
 For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong ;
 She fell away like fruit blowne downe with winde.
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

II.

“ What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe,
 And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares ?
 What Timon but would let compassion ereepe
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares ?
 In stead of teares, whose braekish bitter well 250
 I wasted have, my heart bloud dropping weares,
 To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

“ Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
 Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
 But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye,
 So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
 And close her eyes with carelesse quietnesse ;
 The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
 And soule assayld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

“ Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260
 She, all resolv'd and readie to remove,
 Calling to me (ay me !) this wise bespake :
 ‘ Aleyon ! ah, my first and latest love !

‘ Ah! why does my Aleyon weepe and mourne,
 ‘ And grieve my ghost that ill mote him behove,
 ‘ As if to me had ehaunst some evill tourne?

‘ I, since the messenger is come for mee,
 ‘ That summons soules unto the bridale feast
 ‘ Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 ‘ And straight obay his soveraine behest: 270
 ‘ Why should Aleyon then so sore lament
 ‘ That I from miserie shall be releast,
 ‘ And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

‘ Our daies are full of dolour and disease
 ‘ Our life afflicted with inessant paine,
 ‘ That nought on earth may lessen or appease:
 ‘ Why then should I desire here to remaine?
 ‘ Or why should he that loves me sorrie bee
 ‘ For my deliveranee, or at all eomplaine
 My good to heare, and toward joyes to see? 280

‘ I goe, and long desired have to goe;
 ‘ I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
 ‘ Whereas no worlds sad eare, nor wasting woe
 ‘ May come their happie quiet to molest;
 ‘ But Saints and Angels in eelestiall thrones
 ‘ Eternally Him praise that hath them blest:
 ‘ There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

‘ Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
 ‘ Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
 ‘ My young Ambrosia: in lieu of mee, 290
 ‘ Love her; so shall our love for ever last.
 ‘ Thus, deare! adieu, whom I expect ere long.’
 ‘ So having said, away she softly past.
 Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make mine undersong.

III.

“ So oft as I record those piercing words,
 Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
 And those last deadly accents, which like swords
 Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding cheest,
 With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
 The which my soul first conquerd and possest, 300
 The first beginners of my endlesse care :

“ And when those pallid cheekes and ashie hew,
 In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
 I match with that sweete smile and chearful brow,
 Which all the world subdued unto it,
 How happie was I then, and wretched now !

“ How happie was I, when I saw her leade
 The shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd ! 310
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd !
 And when she list advaunce her heavenly voyee,
 Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
 And flocks and shepheards caused to rejoyce.

“ But now, ye Shepheard Lasses, who shall lead
 Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes ?
 Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
 That was the Lady of your holy dayes ?
 Let now your blisse be turned into bale, 320
 And into plaints convert your joyous playes,
 And with the same fill every hill and dale.

“ Let Bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
 That may allure the senses to delight,
 Ne ever Shepheard sound his oaten quill
 Unto the many, that provoke them might

To idle pleasance ; but let ghastlinesse
 And drearie horror dim the ehearefull light,
 To make the image of true heavinesse.

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray, 330
 And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells ;
 Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
 And parching drouth drie up the eristall wells ;
 Let th' earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
 And th' ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells,
 And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

“ And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
 Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
 And eease heneeforth things kindly forth to bring,
 But hideous monsters full of uglinesse ; 340
 For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mereillesse.
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

IV.

“ My litle flocke, whom earst I lov'd so well,
 And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew,
 Feede ye heneefoorth on bitter Astrofell,
 And stinking Smallage, and unsaverie Rew ;
 And, when your mawes are with those weeds eorrupted,
 Be ye thé pray of Wolves ; ne will I rew
 That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted. 350

“ Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe, I pray,
 Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
 Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
 To earelesse heavens I doo daylie call ;
 But heavens refuse to heare a wretches ery ;
 And eruell death doth seorne to come at eall,
 Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

"The good and righteous he away doth take,
 To plague th' unrighteous which alive remaine;
 But the ungodly ones he doth forsake, 360
 By living long to multiplie their paine;
 Else surely death should be no punishment,
 As the great Judge at first did it ordaine,
 But rather riddanee from long languishment.

"Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away;
 For worthie of a better place was she;
 But me unworthie willed here to stay,
 That with her lacke I might tormented be.
 Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay
 Penanee to her, according their deeree, 370
 And to her ghost doe service day by day.

"For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction waste my better age:
 My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
 My drink the teares which from mine eyes do raine,
 My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd;
 So will I wilfully increase my paine.

"And she, my love that was, my Saint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestiall throne 380
 (In which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
 My bitter penanee, will my ease bemone,
 And pittie me that living thus doo die;
 For heavenly spirits have compassion
 On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

"So when I have with sorrow satisfyde
 Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
 And th' heavens with long languor pacifyde,
 She, for pure pitie of my sufferanee meeke,
 Will send for mee; for which I daylie long, 390
 And will till then my painfull penanee eeke.
 Weepe, Shepherd! weepe, to make my undersong

V.

“ Heneefoorth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade ;
So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grieve of minde,
And moeking such as thinke they long will stay.

“ I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold 400
Me from my love, and eke my love from me ;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie ;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes ;
I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be ;
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies.

“ I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see ;
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee ; 410
I hate all times, because all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

“ I hate to speake, my voyee is spent with erylng ;
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares ;
I hate to tast, for food withholdes my dying ;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares ;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left ;
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares :
So all my senses from me are bereft. 420

“ I hate all men, and shun all womankinde ;
The one, because as I they wretched are ;
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that wont to be their Starre :

And life I hate, because it will not last ;
 And death I hate, because it life doth marre ;
 And all I hate that is to come or past.

“ So all the world, and all in it I hate,
 Because it changeth ever too and fro,
 And never standeth in one certain state, 430
 But still unstedfast round about doth goe,
 Like a Millwheele, in midst of miserie,
 Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
 That dying lives, and living still does dye.

“ So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
 And pine away in selfe-consuming paine ;
 Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
 And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
 Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
 My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine? 440
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VI.

“ Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
 And doo not dye then in despight of death ?
 Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
 And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
 Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
 And cares finde quiet ? is it so uneath
 To leave this life, or dolorous to dye ?

“ To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
 For life drawes care, and care continuall woe ; 450
 Therefore to dye must needes be joyeous,
 And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
 But I must stay ; I may it not amend,
 My Daphne hence departing bad me so ;
 She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

“ Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me ;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse, 460
Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

“ But, as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire Euridyce, her daughter deere,
Throghout the world, with wofull heavie thought ;
So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my Inne.

“ Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights) 470
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more ;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore ;
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore,
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

“ And ever as I see the starre to fall,
And under ground to goe, to give them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
How my faire starre (that shind on me so bright) 480
Fell sodainly and faded under ground ;
Since whose departure day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

“ But soon as day doth shew his deawie face,
And cals foorth men unto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,
Or some dcere cave, or solitarie shade ;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VII.

“ Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold 491
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight ;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

“ And ye, fond men ! on fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride, 500
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
For nought of them is yours, but th’ only usance
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

“ And ye, true Lovers ! whom desastrous ehaunee
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphnes Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable ease, 510
And when life parts vouchsafe to elose mine eye.

“ And ye, more happie Lovers ! which enjoy
The presenee of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empasseiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happiest wight ;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

“ And ye, my fellow Shepheards ! which do feed
Your carelesse flockes on hils and open plaines, 520
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines ;

And when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines
That sad Aleyon dyde in lifes disdaine.

“And, ye faire Damsels ! Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cyparesse ;
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among, 530
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

“And ye poore Pilgrimes ! that with restlesse toyle
Wearic your selves in wandring desart wayes,
Till that you come where ye your vowes assoyle,
When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.
Cease, Shepheard ! cease, and end thy undersong.”—

Thus when he ended had his heavic plaint, 540
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would have fallen to ground :
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amooved him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie, 550
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outragious passion nigh appeased,
I him desyrde, sith daie was overcast,

And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beset. 560

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he foorth did goe
With staggring pace and dismall lookes dismay;
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way:
But what of him became I cannot weene.



PROTHALAMION:
OR, A SPOUSALL VERSE,
MADE BY
EDM. SPENSER.

*In honour of the double marriage of the two Honorable and vertuous
Ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the Ladie Katherine
Somerset, Daughters to the Right Honorable the
Earle of Worcester, and espoused to the
two worthie Gentlemen, M. Henry
Gilford and M. William
Peter, Esquyers.*

AT LONDON.
Printed for William Ponsonby.
1596.



PROTHALAMION.

1.



ALME was the day, and through the
trembling ayre
Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly
play,

A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre ;
When I, whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne 10
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes ;
Whose ruddy Baneke, the which his River hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long :
Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song.

2.

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chauned to espy, 20
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,

With goodly greenish loeks, all loose untyde,
 As each had bene a Bryde;
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
 And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
 The tender stalkes on hye.
 Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
 They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew, 30
 The little Dazie that at evening closes,
 The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
 With store of vermeil Roses,
 To deck their Bridegroomes posies
 Against the Brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

3.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
 Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
 Two fairer Birds I yet did never see:
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew, 40
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
 Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare:
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle streame, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre, 50
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heavens light,
 Against their Brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

4.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their
 fill,
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
 As they came floating on the ehristal Flood;
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
 Their wondring eyes to fill:
 Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre, 60
 Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did decme
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
 Which through the Skie draw Venus silver teeme;
 For surc they did not seeme
 To be begot of any earthly Seede,
 But rather Angels, or of Angels breede:
 Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
 In sweetest Season, when each flower and weede
 The earth did fresh aray;
 So fresh they seem'd as day, 70
 Even as their Brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

5.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
 Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
 All which upon those goodly Birds they threw,
 And all the Waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
 When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore, 79
 Seattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streame,
 That they appeare, through Lillies plentuous store,
 Like a Brydes chamber flore.
 Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two Garlands
 bound
 Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array,

Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
 Whilst one did sing this Lay,
 Prepar'd against that day,
 Against their Brydale day, which was not long : 89
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

6.

" Ye gentle Birdes, the worlds faire ornament,
 " And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
 " Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
 " Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
 " Of your loves couplement!
 " And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,
 " With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
 " Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
 " All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
 " For ever to assoile. 100
 " Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts aecord,
 " And blessed Plentie wait upon you[r] bord;
 " And let your bed with pleasures ehist abound,
 " That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
 " Which may your foes confound,
 " And make your joyes redound
 " Upon your Brydale day, which is not long :
 " Sweete Themmes! run softlie, till I end my
 Song."

7.

So ended she; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong, 110
 Which said, their bridale daye should not be long :
 And gentle Eecho from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.
 So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along
 Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streame run slow :

And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell 120
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser starres. So they, enranged well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long :
 Sweete Themmes ! run softly, till I end my Song.

8.

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
 That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name, 130
 An house of auncient fame.
 There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
 Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers :
 There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
 Till they decayd through pride ;
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell ;
 Whose want too well now feels my freendles ease : 140
 But ah ! here fits not well
 Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
 Against the Bridale daye, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song.

9.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
 Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did
 thunder,
 And Hereules two pillors standing neere
 Did make to quake and feare.
 Faire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie ! 150

That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
 And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
 That promiseth the same.
 That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
 Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
 And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
 Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
 Which some brave musc may sing
 To ages following, 160
 Upon the Brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

10.

From those high Towers this noble Lord issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
 In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
 Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
 With a great traine ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
 Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of any Queene, 170
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the Twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
 Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright :
 They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
 Receiv'd those two faire Brides, their Loves delight ;
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his Bryde
 Against their Brydale day, which is not long : 179
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.



SONNETS

BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH
THEY ORIGINALLY APPEARED.

I.

*To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend, M. Gabriell
Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.**



ARVEY, the happy above happiest men
I read, that, sitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with
critique pen

The sharpe dislikes of each condition ;
And, as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great ;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat :
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty ;
Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
And the Evill damning evermore to dy ;
For Life, and Death, is in the doomeful writing.
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Your devoted friend, during life,

EDMUND SPENCER.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

* From "Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets, especially
touching Robert Greene," &c. London, 4to, 1592.

II.


 HOSO wil seeke by right deserts t' attaine
 Unto the type of true Nobility,
 And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
 Derived farre from famous Auneestrie,
 Behold them both in their right visnomy
 Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
 And striving both for termes of dignitie,
 To be advanced highest in degree.
 And, when thou doost with equall insight see
 The ods twixt both, of both them deem aright,
 And chuse the better of them both to thee,
 But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight :
 To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
 And next to Jones, that truely it translated.*

ED. SPENSER.

III.

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, king of the Epirots, translated into English (1596).


 HEREFORÉ doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
 Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
 And old Heroes, which their world did daunt
 With their great deedes, and fild their echildrens cares?
 Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
 Admire their statues, their Colossoes great ;
 Their rich triumphall Areks which they did raise,
 Their huge Pyramids, which do heaven threat.
 Lo ! one, whom later age hath brought to light,
 Matchable to the greatest of those great ;
 Great both by name, and great in power and might,
 And meriting a meere triumphant seate.

* Prefixed to "Nennio, or a Treatise of Nobility, &c. written in Italian by Sir John Baptista Nenna. Done into English by William Jones, Gent." 4to, 1595.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg! this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

IV.

THE antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
Upheard her buildinges to the threatnedskie:
And second Babell, Tyrant of the West,
Her ayry towers upraised much more high:
But, with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight,
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceeds in policie of right.

Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beantie told.*

EDM. SPENCER.

* Prefixed to "The Commonwealthe and Government of Venice, written by the Cardinall Gaspar Contareno, and translated out of Italian into English, by Lewes Lewkenor, Esquire." 4to, 1599.



“BRITAIN’S IDA.

WRITTEN BY THAT RENOWNED POËT,

EDMOND SPENCER.

LONDON:

Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and are to be
fold at his shop at the Eagle and Child
in Brittaines Burffe. 1628.”

[We are unwilling to exclude anything that has ever been imputed to Spenser; and although we are convinced, with T. Warton [Observ. on F. Q. vol. i. p. 123, edit. 1762], that Spenser was not the author of "Brittain's Ida," as it is short, and possesses considerable merit of its own, we insert it. The reader will thus be able to form his own opinion. T. Walkley, who first printed it in 12mo. in 1628, only tells us that he was "certainly assured" that "it must be a work of Spenser's;" but he furnishes no evidence beyond what is merely internal, unless we also take into account the assertion of the writer of the not ungraceful preliminary verses, "'tis learned Spenser's Muse." It has a much more modern air than anything else Spenser has left behind him, and we do not believe that it was produced, at the earliest, until near the close of the reign of James I: in St. xi. of Canto iii. the author speaks of his "new-born quill." The poem is not even an imitation of Spenser nor, as far as we can judge, was it intended to be so.]—J P. COLLIER.

THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LADY, MARY,

DAUGHTER TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

 MOST noble Lady, I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged onely by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a worke of *Spencers*, of whom it were pittie that any thing should bee lost) and doubting not but your Lady-ship will graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer of your selfe and your princely family, and shall ever remaine

The humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

MARTIAL.

*Accipe facundi Culicem studiose Maronis,
Ne nugis positus, arma virumque canas.*

EE here that stately Muse, that erst could
raise
In lasting numbers great Elizaes praise,
And dresse faire Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heauenly beauty! Shee that taught
The Graees grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slaeke her serious flight, and feed your eare
With love's delightsome toys: doe not refuse
These harmlesse sports; 'tis learned Spencer's Muse
But think his loosest poems worthier then
The serious follies of vnskillfull men.



BRITTAİN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The youthly Shepheards winning here,
And Beauties rare displayd, appeare;
What exercise hee chiefe affects,
His name, and scornefull love neglects.*

IN Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale?) 1
When harmlesse Troy yet felt not Græcian
spite,
An hundred shepheards wonn'd, and in
the dale,
While their faire flockes the three-leav'd pastures bite,
The shepheards boyes with hundred sportings light,
Gave winges unto the times too speedy hast:
Ah, foolish Lads! that strove with lavish wast
So fast to spend the time that spends your time as
fast.

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd, 2
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmlesse yeares
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld;
His nimph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,
Youth's downy blossome through his cheeke appeares;

His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
 Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
 And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould, 3
 (Where never anger churlish rinkle dighted,)
 His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
 That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
 To play among their wanton curles delighted;
 His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd :
 Ah! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stor'd,
 Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one
 restor'd ?

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an ivory plaine, 4
 More purely white than frozen Apenine,
 Where lovely Bashfulness did sweetly raine
 In blushing scarlet cloth'd, and purple fine.
 A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine,
 (Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,
 That well the face might seem, in divers tire,
 To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

His cheerfull lookes and merry face would proove 5
 (If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
 A dainty play-fellow for naked Love :
 Of all the other parts enough is sed,
 That they were fit twins for so fayre a head.
 Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de ;
 Dye they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
 He thousand boyes (ah, Foole !) and thousand maids
 deni'd.

His joy was not in musiques sweete delight, 6
 (Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte,)
 Or dainty songs to daintier eares indite,
 But through the plaines to chace the nimble hart
 With well-tun'd hounds ; or with his certaine dart
 The tusked boare or savage beare to wound :

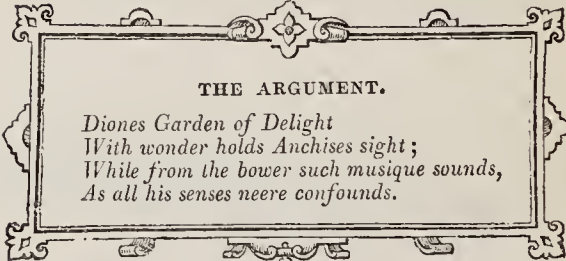
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound ;
Ah, Foole ! to seeke so farre what neerer might be
found.

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades, 7
Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them,)
Anchises was ; Anchises oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd them ;
Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,
That rocky hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,
Anchises plain'd ; but he, no whit relenting,
Harder then rocky hils, laught at their vaine
lamenting.





CANTO II.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Diones Garden of Delight
With wonder holds Anchises sight ;
While from the bower such musique sounds,
As all his senses neere confounds.*

NE day it chane't as hee the deere per-
sude,
Tyred with sport, and faint with weary
play,
Faire Venus grove not farre away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweating limbes display ;
There in the cooling glade he softly paees,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himselfe he seorn'd, hee prais'd their kind
imbraees.

The woode with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winters spiting,)
To laurels sweete were sweetely married,
Doubling their pleasing smels in their uniting ;
When single much, much more when mixt, delighting:

No foot of beaste durst touch this hallowed place,
 And many a boy that long'd the woods to traee
 Entred with feare, but soone turn'd back his
 frighted face.

The thicke-loekt boughs shut out the tell-tale Sunne,
 (For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
 Since her knowne fault, which oft she wisht undon,)
 And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull sight,
 Like to the first of day or last of night:
 The fittest light for lovers gentle play.
 Such light best shewes the wandring lovers way,
 And guides his erring hand: night is Loves holly-
 day.

So farre in this sweete labyrinth he stray'd 4
 That now he views the Garden of Delight,
 Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers array'd,
 With divers joy captiv'd his wandring sight:
 But soon the eyes rendred the eares their right;
 For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
 That all his senses floekt into his eare,
 And every faeulty wisht to be seated there.

From a close bower this dainty musique flow'd, 5
 A bower appareld round with divers roses,
 Both red and white, which by their liveries show'd
 Their mistris faire, that there her selfe reposes;
 Seem'd that would strive with those rare musique
 elozes,
 By spreading their faire bosomes to the light,
 Which the distracted sense should most delight;
 That raps the melted eare; this both the smel and
 sight.

The boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare, 6
 Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
 The bower, much more the guest so lodged there;)

And, as he goes, he marks how well agree
 Nature and Arte in discord unity,
 Each striving who should best performe his part,
 Yet Arte now helping Nature, Nature Arte;
 While from his eares a voyce thus stole his heart.

*“Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soone ending,
 By striving to increase your joy, do spend it;
 And spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;
 You hurt your life by striving to amend it,
 And seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:
 Then, while fit time affords thee time and leasure,
 Enjoy while yet thou mayst thy lifes sweet pleasure:
 Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his treasure.*

*“Love is lifes end, (an end, but never ending) 8
 All joyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding;
 Love is life's wealth (nere spent, but ever spending)
 More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
 Love's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding:
 Then, from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
 Ah! shouldst thou live but once loves sweetes to proove,
 Thou wilt not love to live, unlesse thou live to love.”*

To this sweet voyce a dainty musique fitted 9
 It's well-tun'd strings, and to her notes consorted,
 And while with skilfull voyce the song she dittied,
 The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
 That now the boy, beyond his soule transported,
 Through all his limbes feeles run a pleasant shaking,
 And, twixt a hope and feare, suspects mistaking,
 And doubts he sleeping dreames, and broad awake
 feares waking.



CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Cythereas limbes beheld,
The straying lads heart so intral'd,
That in a trance his melted spright
Leaves th' sences slumbring in delight.*

NOW to the bower hee sent his theevish
eyes
To steale a happy sight; there doe they
finde

Faire Venus, that within halfe naked lyes;
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not returne the message to the minde;
But, full of feare and superstitious awe,
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed, 2
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright)
Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skinne much more then lilly-white:
The bed sanke with delight so to be pressed,

And knew not which to thinke a chance more
blessed,
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kissed.

Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moone 3
Whose full-growne orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide room to Beauty's regiment,
Which on the plaine with Love tryumphing went ;
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold
inchased.

Her full large eye, in jetty-blacke array'd, 4
Prov'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her selfe in blacke more rich display'd ;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight :
A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye ;
And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesie,
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

The whitest white, set by her silver cheeke, 5
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead ;
'The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,
That dares compare with them his fainting red :
On these Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that, with bold wanton traine
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,
Force every heart, and to low vasselage constraine.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses, 6
From their so wisht embracements seldome parted,
Yct seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses ;
But when sweet words their joyning sweet disparted,
To th' eare a dainty musique they imparted :
Upon them fitly sate, delightfull smiling,

A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling :
 Ah ! that such shews of joyes should be all joyes
 exiling.

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving 7
 So sweet a lodge ; but when she once intended
 To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
 More fast it thronged so to be expended ;
 And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
 Playing i' th' breath, more sweete than is that firing
 Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring
 Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh
 respiring.

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inched, 8
 Seem'd a fair jewell wrought with cunning hand,
 And, being double, doubly the face graced.
 This goodly frame on her round necke did stand ;
 Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd ;
 And, on his top the heavenly spheare up-rearing,
 Might well present, with daintier appearing,
 A lesse but better Atlas, that faire heaven bearing.

Lower two breasts stand, all their beauties bearing, 9
 Two breasts as smooth and soft ; but, ah, alas !
 Their smoothest softnes farre exceedes comparing ;
 More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was ;
 Where they are first, deserves the second place ;
 Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other ;
 And when thou first tri'st one, and then the other,
 Each softer seemes then each, and each then each
 seemes smother.

Lowly betweene their dainty hemisphæres, 10
 (Their hemisphæres the heav'nly globes excelling)
 A path more white than is the name it beares,
 The Lacteal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
 Where best Delight all joyes sits freely dealing ;
 Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh joyes at-
 tending,

Receiv in giving ; and, still love dispending,
Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

But stay, bold Shepherd ! here thy footing stay, 1
Nor trust too much unto thy new-borne quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beautilous hill
Which past the finest hand or choicest skill :
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soone be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is asham'd.

That cunning artist, that old Greeee admir'd, 12
Thus farre his Venus fitly portrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd ;
His dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By Arte, felt Arte by Nature limitted.
Ah ! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

Such when this gentle boy her closly view'd, 13
Onely with thinnest silken vaile o'er-layd,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their worke to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in
delight.



CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The swoounding swaine recovered is
By th' goddesse ; his soule-raptng blisse :
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.*

SOFT-SLEEPING Venus, waked with the
fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies ;
With all she starts, and wondereth withall ;
She thinks that there her faire Adonis dyes,
And more she thinkes the more the boy she eyes :
So, stepping neerer, up begins to reare him ;
And now with Love himselfe she will confer him,
And now before her Love himselfe she will prefer
him.

The lad, soone with that dainty touch reviv'd, 2
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his flitting soul, to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and blisse instated :
Oft would he dye, so to be often saved ;
And now with happy wish he closly craved
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingraved.

The Paphian princesse (in whose lovely breast 3
 Spiteful disdaine could never find a place)
 When now she saw him from his fit releast,
 (To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base)
 Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace;
 But oh! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)
 Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
 So seeking to revive more wounds his feeble sprite.

“ Tell me, fair Boy! (sayd she) what erring chance 4
 Hither directed thy unwary pace?
 For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
 Their foule aspect in thy so pleasant face :
 Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
 Or lacke of love, or mutuall answering fire?
 Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
 Tell me, what ist thy faire and wishing eyes require?”

The boy, (whose sence was never yet acquainted 5
 With such a musique,) stood with eares arected,
 And, sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
 More of those sugred straines long time expected;
 Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
 First sighes arising from his heart's low center,
 Thus gan reply, when each word bold would venter,
 And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

“ Fair Cyprian Queene, (for well that heavenly face 6
 Prooves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)
 Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace;
 For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove
 My daring feete to this thy holy grove
 But lucklesse chance (which, if you not gaine-say,
 I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,
 And lose my selfe (alas!) in losing of my way.

“ Nor did I come to right my wronged fire : 7
 Never till now I saw what ought be loved ;

And now I see, but never dare aspire
 To moove my hope, where yet my love is mooved ;
 Whence though I would, I would it not remooved :
 Only since I have plac't my love so high,
 Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,
 Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye."

But shee that in his eyes Loves face had seen, 8
 And flaming heart, did not such suite disdaine,
 (For cruelty fits not sweete Beauties queene)
 But gently could his passion entertaine,
 Though she Loves princesse, he a lowly swaine.
 First of his bold intrusion she acquites him,
 Then to her service (happy Boy !) admits him,
 And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted, 9
 And Cupids selfe, with his like face delighted,
 Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
 The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
 Forcing to love that most his love despited :
 And now the practique boy did so approve him,
 And with such grace and cunning arte did moove
 him,
 That all the pritty Loves and all the Graces love
 him.





CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The lovers sad despairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints ;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth shew
From whom proceedeth this his woe.*



ET never durst his faint and eoward heart
(Ah, Foole ! faint heart faire lady ne're
could win)

Assaile faire Venus with his new-learnt
arte,

But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out the more he prest it in ;
And thinking oft how just shee might disdain him,
While some cool mirtle shade did entertaine him,
Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he plain
him :

“ Ah, fond and haplesse Boy ! nor know I whether 2
More fond or haplesse more, that all so high
Hast plac't thy heart, where love and fate together
May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy .

All hindrances (alas !) conspire to let it :

Ah, fond, and hapless Boy ! if canst not get it !
In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it.

“ Ah, farre too fond, but much more haplesse Swaine !
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
Serve and observe thy love with willing paine ;
And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.

No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor dares thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring.”

Thus oft the hopelesse boy complayning lyes ; 4
But she, that well could guesse his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceal love from Loves mothers eyes ?)
Did not disdaine to give his love contenting ;
Cruel the soule that feeds on soules tormenting :
Nor did she scorne him, though not nobly borne,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorne
That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

One day it ehanc't, thrice happy day and chance ! 5
While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
And to fresh musique sounding play and dance,
And Cupids selfe, with shepherds boys consorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,
Faire Venus seats the fearfull boy close by her,
Where never Phœbus jealous lookes might eye her,
And bids the boy his mistris and her name desery
her.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood, 6
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun
Fit prologue to his speech ; and fearefull blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings runne,
That eyther now he's made, or now undon ; [weake,
At length his trembling words, with feare made
Began his too long silence thus to breake,
While from his humble eies first reverence seem'd
to speake.

"Faire Queene of Love ! my life thou maist command,
 Too slender price for all thy former grace
 Which I receiue at thy so bounteous hand ;
 But never dare I speake her name and face ;
 My life is much lesse priz'd than her disgrace :
 And, for I know if I her name relate
 I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
 Unlesse thou sweare by Stix I purchase not her
 hate."

Faire Venus well perceiv'd his subtile shift, 8
 And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
 While thus the boy persu'd his former drift :
 "No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skil'd,
 Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,
 Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,
 But when he durst describe her heaven's perfection,
 By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection.

"Her forme is as her selfe, perfect cœlestriall, 9
 No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces :
 Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial ;
 More sweete than thought or pow'rfull wish embraces ;
 The map of heaven, the summe of all her graces ;
 But if you wish more truly limb'd to eye her,
 Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
 Look in a glasse, and there more perfect you may
 spy her."





CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The boyes short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soule with blisse enchant ;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.*

“**H**Y crafty arte,” reply’d the smiling
queene, 1
“Hath well my ehiding and not rage
prevented,

Yet might’st thou thinke that yet ’twas never seene
That angry rage and gentle love consented ;
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy servicee must I owe thee ?
For by the selfe-same vow I here avow thee,
Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee.”

“Pardon,” replies the boy, “for so affecting 2
Beyond mortallity, and not discarding
Thy servicee, was much more than my expeeting ;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual firing,
One kisse is all my love and prides aspiring,
And after starve my heart for my too much de-
siring.”

"Fond Boy!" (sayd she) "too fond, that askt no
 Thy want by taking is no whit decreased, [more;
 And giving spends not our increasing store."—
 Thus with a kisse his lips she sweetly pressed;
 Most blessed kisse, but hope more than most blessed!
 The boy did thinke heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
 And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
 He felt not halfe his joy by being overjoy'd.

"Why sighst? faire Boy," (sayd she) "dost thou re-
 pent thee
 Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?"
 "Well may I sigh," (sayd he) "and well lament me,
 That never such a debt may hope to pay."
 "A kisse," (sayd she) "a kisse will baek repay."
 "Wilt thou" (reply'd the boy, too much delighted,)
 "Content thee with such pay to be requited?"
 She grants; and he his lips, heart, soule, to pay-
 ment eited.

Look as a ward, long from his lands detain'd, 5
 And subject to his guardians eruel lore,
 Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd;
 So he; yet though in laying out his store
 He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poore;
 With that he markes, and tels her out a score,
 And doubles them, and trebles all before.
 Fond boy! the more thou paist, thy debt still grows
 the more.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him 6
 With kindly heate, inflaming his desiring,
 Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him,
 He thinks that something wants for his requiring,
 And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
 But yet though that hee knoweth so she gave,
 That he presents himselfe her bounden slave,
 Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else
 to crave.

And, boldned with successe and many graces, 7
His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releast,
And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces,
Againe it prison'd in her tender breast :

Ah, blessed prison ! prisners too much blest !
There with those sisters long time doth he play,
And now full boldly enters loves highway, .
While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand
doth stray.

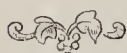
She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play, 8
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse,
With such sweete heat his rudenesse doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes whatever blisse
Elder love taught, and he before did misse ;
That moult with joy, in such untri'd joyes trying,
He gladly dies ; and death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweete delight, 9
Free from sad care and fickle worlds annoy,
Bathing in liquid joyes his melted sprite ;
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy !)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heav'n, and earth, his blisse imparted,
That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted,
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty
swarted.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong ; 10
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue ;
Light joyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th' heart's low center doth imbrace.
Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it :
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.



GLOSSARY.





GLOSSARY.



BORD, across.

Abrayd, to a-

wake, to rouse.

Abye, to abide,
to suffer for.

Acates, provisions.

Accloy, or *acloy*, to burden,
to encumber.

Accoste, to go side by side.

Accoy, to coy, to caress.

Acoy, to reduce, to assuage.

Accoyld, encircled.

Accrew, to increase.

Acquit, to release, to free.

Adaw, to daunt, to subdue,
to reduce.

Addeem, to judge, to doom.

Address, to clothe.

Addrest, prepared.

Adore, to adorn.

Adrad, fearful.

Advengement, revenge.

Adview, to observe, to see.

Advising, looking at.

Adward, award.

Æmuling, emulating.

Ætna, a volcano.

Affrap, to encounter, to meet,
to strike.

Affret, an encounter, a meet-
ing.

Affront, to encounter, to con-
front, to oppose.

Aggrate, to gratify, to propi-
tiate.

Aglet, a point, a tag.

Agrise, to dread, to terrify.

Aguize, to dress, to a lorn.

Alablaster, alabaster.

Alegge, to alleviate, to allay.

Alew, howling.

Algates, entirely, all manner
of ways.

Alleggeance, alleviation.

Alls, also, likewise.

Amate, to confound, to daunt.

Amenance, carriage, beha-
viour.

Amis, a kind of vestment.

And for ing, the participle.

Apaid, satisfied, paid.

Apes on the shoulders of
fools.

Appelle, to accuse.

Appellation, appeal.

Arew, on a row.

Arraught, seized, reached.

Arret, to allot, to appoint.

Assoil, to absolve, to free.

Assot, to besot, to stupify,
to dull.

Astert, to affright, to alarm.

Astained, or *astomed*, astonished, surprised.

Astond, stunned.

Atone, at one.

Attone, to agree, to accord.

Attone, at once.

Avale, to lower, to descend, to alight.

Avize, or *avise*, advise.

Avoure, avowry.

Awhape, to terrify, to frighten.

Aygulets, or *aglets*, eyelets.

BACE, prisoner's base, or bace.

Baffle, to disgrace utterly.

Baile, power, limit.

Balk, to cross, to baffle.

Balk, to disappoint, to defeat, to treat with contempt.

Balh, a ridge, a furrow.

Ban, to forbid.

Ban, to curse.

Banneral, a small flag.

Barbican, a watch-tower.

Basanet, a head-piece.

Bascimans, kissing hands.

Bate, bit, or did bite.

Batteilant, embattled.

Battil, to fatten.

Bawn, a building, habitation.

Bay, a stand-still.

Beathed, bathed, plunged.

Beauperes, fair companions.

Behave, to employ, to use.

Behight, called, deemed, judged.

Behight, commanded.

Behight, entrusted, committed.

Behight, promised.

Belaccoyle, fair salutation, or greeting.

Belay, to besiege, to invest, to beleague.

Belgardes, sweet looks.

Belive, promptly, quickly.

Bellamy, a fair friend, a sweetheart.

Bents, stalks of grass.

Besits, besuits, befits, becomes.

Betake, to commit, entrust, deliver.

Betecm, to allow, to suffer.

Bid the base, to challenge as to speed.

Blatter, to rail, to rage.

Blend, to blind, to confound.

Blent, blinded, confounded, confused.

Blent, blended, mingled.

Blin, to cease.

Blist, wounded.

Blive, quickly, speedily.

Blunt, ignorant, rude.

Bodrages, border ravages.

Bolt, to sift, to canvass.

Bolts, arrows, shafts.

Boon, goods, &c. obtained by petition.

Bord, to accost, to approach, to advance towards.

Bord, a jest, a gibe, a quip.

Bordragings, incursions, ravages.

Borrel, rustic, clownish.

Borrow, pledge, security.

Boughts, bouts, twists, folds.

Bourdon, burden.

Bourn, a boundary, a stream.

Bouzing, drinking.

Bowers, benders, muscles.

Brame, bitter, violent.

Bransles, brawls, dances.

Breme, violent, hot.

Bren, to burn.

Brickle, brittle.

Brize, the gadfly.

Broom, gorse, furze.

Brush, to bruise.

Brust, burst, broke.

Bug, a monster, object of terror.

Burden, a club.

Burganet, a helmet.
Buxom, yielding, obedient.
By and by, immediately, presently.
Bylive, and *belive*, active, quick.
Bynempt, took.
Bynempt, named, mentioned.
CAMIS, a chemise.
Cumus, a shift.
Can, for *gan*, began.
Cantred, a hundred, district.
Capuccio, a hood.
Carke, care, load.
Carl, a churl.
Cast, a couple, brace.
Cast, throw, time.
Castory, a colour.
Causen, to explain, to tell.
Cautelous, cautious.
Cess, to cease.
Chaffar, to exchange, to bargain.
Chamelot water, camlet watered.
Chamfred, wrinkled, furrowed.
Charm, to enchant, to bewitch.
Charm, a song, an incantation, a spell.
Charming, tuning, playing.
Chaw, the jaw.
Chayre, dear, chary.
Checklaton, a rich kind of oriental stuff.
Cherry, to cherish, to cheer.
Chevisance, enterprise, bargain, dealing.
Child (see also *Infant*), a knight.
Cleep, to call, to name.
Closely, secretly.
Cloyed, wounded.
Cogish, affinity.
Coll, to embrace the neck.
Commen, to commune.
Comment, to devise, to feign.

Company, companion.
Compare, to procure, to obtain, to accumulate.
Compassion, to compassionate, to pity.
Compast, round.
Complement, completion.
Complines, evening song.
Concrew, to grow together.
Condition, inward or mental qualities.
Confused, commingled.
Contain, to retain.
Conteck, contest.
Contraire, to oppose, to contrary.
Contrive, to wear away, to spend.
Convince, to conquer.
Copesmate, a fellow-dealer.
Corb, crooked, bent.
Corbes, corbels.
Cordwayne, Cordovan leather.
Corsive, corrosive.
Cott, a little boat.
Could, knew.
Counterfesaunce, counterfeit-ing, imitation.
Counterpeise, to counterpoise, to counterbalance.
Cour, to cover, to cower.
Covetize, covetousness.
Cowardree, cowardice.
Crake, to boast, to brag, to vaunt.
Crank, lusty, courageous.
Craples, claws.
Craven, a coward.
Crook, a gibbet.
Crowd, a fiddle.
Cuffling, scuffling.
Culver, a dove.
Curat, a cuirass.
Curiets, leather furniture.
Curtaxe, a cutlass.

DAINT, dainty.

- Daintest*, daintiest.
Dupper, neat, pretty.
Darraign, to prepare, to arrange.
Darraine, to accomplish.
Darts of Cupid, lead or gold.
Dayes-man, an arbitrator.
Darling, darling.
Dearnly, secretly, darkly.
Death's Dance, a pageant.
Decked, adorned, ornamented.
Decrew, to decrease.
Decem, to judge, decide, to doom.
Defend, to forbid, to repel.
Define, to conclude.
Defray, to satisfy, to settle.
Degender, to degenerate.
Delay, to remove, to put away, to postpone.
Delay, to temper, mitigate.
Delices, delights.
Demayne, demeanour.
Demean, to disgrace, vilify.
Demiss, humble.
Deny, to refuse.
Dernful, dismal, dark.
Dernly, secretly, darkly, mournfully.
Derring do, a daring or bold enterprise.
Derring doers, daring doers.
Designing, pointing out, signifying.
Desse, dais, raised platform.
Diapred, diversified, dappled.
Diffused, dispersed.
Dight, to prepare, to finish.
Dirk, dark, to darken.
Disavance, to retreat from.
Discide, cleft, cut in two.
Discoure, to discover.
Discourse, traversing, shifting, changing place.
Discry, to discover, to display.
Discry, to describe.
Discust, shaken off.
Disentail, to pour out from the entrails.
Disloign, to separate, to part.
Dismayd, or dismade.
Disple, to discipline.
Disseise, to dispossess.
Distraught, torn in two.
Distraughted, distracted.
Diverse, to diverge.
Doe, to cause or to make.
Dædale, skilful, cunning, fruitful.
Dole, a share, a portion.
Donne, done on.
Donne, to do.
Doole, a complaint, a dole.
Dortour, a dormitory.
Double more, as much again.
Doucepere, one of the twelve Peers.
Drear, dreariness.
Drent, drowned.
Drivel, a driveller.
Droyle, a drudge.
Dumpish, melancholy, sad, sorrowful.
Dumps, sorrow, sadness.
Duresse, imprisonment, compulsion, hardship.
EARNE, to yearn, to long for, to be grieved.
Earst, at, at length, at first, as formerly.
Eath, easy, easily.
Edify, to build, to erect.
Efforce, to force.
Eft, afterwards, subsequently, again.
Eke, to increase, to add to.
Els, elsewhere, already.
Embaild, bound up.
Embay, to bathe.
Emboss, to ornament.
Emboss, foaming at the mouth.
Emboss, inclosed, shut up.

Emboweled, disboweled.
Embrowed, bloody, wet with blood.
Eme, an uncle.
Enmarble, to harden.
Empeach, to hinder, to accuse.
Empight, placed, fixed.
Encheason, occasion.
Endlong, from end to end.
Endosse, to engrave on the back.
Endue, to endow.
Enfeloned, become fierce, or enraged, made fell.
Enhaunced, raised, lifted up.
Enlumine, to enlighten, to illumine.
Enrace, to encase.
Enseam, to fatten.
Entail, carving.
Entaild, engraved, cut.
Enterdeal, mediation, interposition.
Entertake, to entertain, to receive.
Entire, interior, inner.
Entrail, a coil, involution.
Entrailed, twisted, interwoven.
Entreat, to treat.
Entrold, encircled.
Enure, to accustom.
Enured, committed, used.
Envoy, dismissal, conclusion.
Esloine, to withdraw.
Essoine, excuse.
Excheat, escheat, right as lord.
Expert, to experience.
Extreat, extraction.
Eyas, imperfectly fledged, young.

FAIN, to be glad, to desire.
Fay, faith.
Faytour, vagabond, cheat, rogue.

Fear, to fray, to frighten.
Feare (see also *Fere* and *Pheere*), companion, wife.
Fell, the gall.
Fellonest, fellest, deadliest.
Fere, husband, wife, companion.
Ferme, a farm.
Ferry, a boat.
Fet, fetched.
Feutre, to prepare, to make ready.
Fiaunt, commission, fiat.
File, to defile.
File, to smooth, to polish, to refine.
Fit, strain, division of a song.
Flaw, a gust of wind.
Fleet, to float.
Flight, a kind of long arrow.
Flitt, fleet, swift.
Flour, a spot, floor.
Foison, plenty, abundance.
Folk-mote, a meeting of people.
Fon, a fool, a fond or silly person.
Fond, foolish, silly.
Food, a feud.
For, because.
Foray (and see *Forray*), to ravage, to pillage.
Fordo, to undo, to destroy.
Fore-hent, fore-taken.
Foreslack, to delay, to defer, to postpone.
Forewearied, overwearied.
Forlent, given beforehand.
Former, foremost.
Formerly, first, in the first place.
Forray, to ravage, pillage.
Forswat, over-sweated.
Forswonk, over-wearied.
Forthink, to unthink, to grieve, lament.
Forthy, therefore.

Fortunize, to make fortunate, or lucky.

For why, because, for this reason.

Fouldring, thundering.

Foy, faith.

Franion, a companion, a wanton.

Franklin, a freeholder.

Free, innocent, pure.

Frenne, a stranger.

Fronne, frozen.

Frounce, to plait, to wrinkle.

Frowy, mossy.

Furniment, furnishing.

Fyld, fealed, felt.

GALAGE, a startup, a clown's shoe or boot.

Gan, can.

Garran, a kind of horse.

Gars, makes, causes.

Gate, way, progress, pace.

Gear, matter, affair, furniture.

Geason, rare, uncommon, singular.

Gelt, a gelded horse or other castrated animal.

Gern, to grin.

Gest, a deed, exploit.

Giambeux, boots.

Gin, engine, snare, contrivance.

Glade, to gladden.

Glaive, or *glave*, a sword, a weapon.

Glib, a lock of hair.

Goddeled, made a god of.

Glode, glided, or glowed.

Gossips, akin through God.

Graile, gravel, sand.

Grange, a solitary rustic dwelling.

Grayle, the holy vessel.

Greave, groove.

Gree, favour, liking, estimation.

Gree, in, kindly, in good part favourably.

Greete, sorrow, mourning.

Greete, to cry, to weep.

Gride, to pierce.

Groom, a young man.

Guarish, to cure, to heal.

Guild, a hall, a fraternity.

Gulf, the paunch.

Gyre, or *gire*, a circle.

HABERGEON, armour for the neck and breast.

Hacqueton, a jacket worn under armour.

Haggard, wild, untamed.

Hale, health, welfare.

Halfendeal, half-part.

Halidom, holiness.

Harborough, shelter, harbour.

Harrow, to subdue, to conquer.

Harrow, an exclamation.

Haske, a basket for fish.

Haubergh, a coat of mail.

Haught, lofty, proud.

Haulst, embraced round the neck.

Hault, haughty.

Heard, a herdsman.

Heavenly, or heavy.

Hele, to cover.

Hent, took.

Heroess, heroine.

Herry, to worship, to honour, to pay respect to.

Herse, rehearsal of prayers.

Hight, called.

Hight (see also *Behight*), committed, entrusted.

Hild, held.

Hilding, a base low person.

Hook or crook, by, in any possible way.

Hooved (and see *Hove*), ho-vered, remained

Hospitage, hospitality.
Hostless, inhospitable.
Hot (and see *Hight*), called,
 named.

Hotspur, rash, hasty, impetuous, inconsiderate.

Hours, prayers.

Hove, to remain, to hover.

Huckster, hooker, hawker.

Hugger mugger, in secret.

Humblest, humility.

Hurtle, to dash, or strike violently against.

IFERE, together, in company.

Ik, that same.

Imp, a scion.

Imp, to engraft, to insert.

Impacable, unappeasable.

Impeach (see also *Empeach*), to hinder, to accuse.

Imply, to fold, or enfold.

Importable, insupportable.

Importunity, cruelty, severity, perverseness.

Indew, to put on.

Infant (see also *Child*), prince, knight.

Infer, to bring upon.

Infest, annoyance.

Ingate, entrance, commencement.

Insolence, unusualness, unwontedness.

Instantly, earnestly.

Intendiment, understanding, attention.

Interest, concern in, interest.

Invent, to find.

JACOB'S staff, a pilgrim's staff.

Jane, a coin of Genoa.

Javel, a low dirty fellow.

Jesses, straps for hawks.

Joan, Pope, as merry as, a phrase.

Jolly, handsome, noble.

Jollyhead, mirth, jollity.

Jovial, joyous, gladsome.

KEIGHT, caught.

Kern, an Irish irregular foot-soldier.

Kest, cast.

Kestrel kind, a base kind.

Kid, from *ken*, to know.

Kind, nature.

Kindly, natural, naturally.

Kings and Kesars.

Kirtle, a petticoat, a cloak.

Knife, a sword.

LAMPING, flaming, shining.

Lare, layer, pasture.

Latch, to catch.

Launce, a balance.

Leachcraft, medical or surgical skill or aid.

Leap, a basket.

Lear, and *lere*, learning, lesson, lore.

Leasing, lying.

Leave, to levy, to raise.

Ledden, language, dialect, speech.

Legerdemain, sleight of hand.

Leke, leaky.

Leman, a sweetheart, a lover.

Let, to hinder.

Levin, lightning.

Lewd, wicked, ignorant, lustful.

Licence to beg, a pauper's.

Lich, alike, equal.

Lief, dear.

Lief or loth, liking or disliking, willing or unwilling.

Lig, to lie, to repose.

Like well, to thrive.

Likely, likeable.

Likeliness, likeness, resemblance, similarity.

Limelound, leamer or limer.

Lin, to cease, to end.

Lincoln green, a colour.

Lionesse, part of Cornwall.

List (and see *Lust*), to desire, to lust, to wish.

Listful, disposed to listen.

Lithe, pliable, yielding.

Loord, a clown, a lout.

Loos, praise, laud.

Lore, left, lost.

Loring, instruction, learning.

Lorrel, a loose fellow.

Losel, an abandoned person.

Lout, to bow.

Lovely, loving.

Lover, a light, a louver.

Lug, a perch or rod, a measure of length.

Luskishness, sluggishness, laziness.

Lust, wished, desired.

MACERATE, to make lean.

Mail, interwoven armour.

Make, to write poetry.

Make, to do.

Make (see also *Mate*), a mate, a companion.

Malefice, evil deed.

Malengin, ill intent, malignity.

Mall, a mallet, a hammer.

Maltalent, ill-will, spleen.

Mard, spoiled, injured.

Martelled, hammered.

Mate, to confound, destroy.

Mate (see also *Make*), a make, a companion.

Maugre, in spite of.

Meanly, indifferently.

Meared, divided.

Meddling, mixing.

Meere, or *meare*, a boundary.

Meint, or *ment*, mingled.

Mell, to meddle, to mix.

Mercify, to compassionate.

Mere, absolute, entire.

Mesprise, contempt.

Mich, to steal.

Mieve, to move.

Miniments, evidences, muniments.

Minion, a pet, a favourite.

Minished, diminished.

Miscreance, misbelief.

Miscreated, ill-formed.

Misfure, to go wrong.

Mister, kind of, or manner of.

Mister wight, manner or kind of man.

Mistreth not, needeth not, signifieth not.

Miswend, to go amiss.

Moil, to defile, to soil.

Mome, a blockhead.

Mongibel, a volcano.

Mops and mows, mocks and mouths.

More, a root, a strawberry.

Morion, a helmet.

Mostwhat, chiefly.

Mott, measured, meted.

Munificence, fortification.

Muchel, much, mickle.

Must, new wine.

NAMELY, especially.

Narre, nearer.

Native, natural.

Nephews, grandchildren, descendants.

Nett, pure, clean.

Nigardise, miserliness, sparingness.

Nonce, or *nones*, occasion, once.

Note, might not.

Nought, not.

OF, off, at a distance from.

Off and of.

On and *one* confounded.

Origane, bastard marjoram.
Ought, to own, to owe.
Overcrow, to overcrow, to overawe, to subdue.
Overdight, covered over.
Overhent, overtook.
Overren, to over-run.
Owches, jewels, onyxes.
Owe (and see *Ought*), to own, to possess.

PANACHÆA, a panacea.
Pannikell, the brain-pan, the skull.
Paravant, openly, before all, beyond all.
Parbreak, a vomit.
Pardale, a sort of panther.
Parget, plaster, varnish.
Pass, to care for, to heed.
Passionate, to be in grief.
Patience perforce, of necessity, by compulsion.
Payse, to poise, to weigh.
Peaze, a heavy blow.
Peece, a castle, a fortification.
Peevishness, silliness, folly.
Pelf, scraps, rubbish.
Perlous, perilous.
Persant, piercing, penetrating.
Persue, a track.
Pight, fixed, placed, set.
Pill, to pillage, to plunder.
Pinnoed, pinioned.
Pionings, diggings.
Plesh, splash, a pool.
Plight, to fold, to plait.
Poise, weight.
Poll and pill, to extort.
Pope Joan, as merry as, a phrase.
Portess, a prayer-book.
Potshares, potshards, fragments of pottery.
Pouke, Puck, Robin Good-fellow, Hob-goblin.

Pouldred, powdered, spotted, besprinkled.
Practic, treacherous, practised.
Practise, to steal cunningly or treacherously.
Prank, to display, to dress, to prink.
Prank, injury, mischief, playful trick.
Preace, press, crowd.
Preeve, or *prieve*, to prove.
Preage, to point out, to foresee, to forebode.
Prest, ready.
Pretence, intention.
Pretend, to hold, or to extend forth.
Pretended, stretched over.
Prevent, to anticipate.
Prief, proof (see also *Preeve*).
Prime, Spring, morning.
Privy or pert, secret or open, with or without disguise.
Proin, to prune, to smooth or arrange feathers.
Protence, a stretching out.
Protend, to stretch out.
Protract, delay, dilation.
Prow, courageous, hardy.
Pryse, to pay the price for.
Pumy stone, or *pumies*, pumice stones, stones.
Purchase, booty.
Purpose, conversation, discourse.
Purposes, a game.

QUAINT, strange, nice, curious.
Quaint, quenched.
Quarrel, a kind of square-headed arrow.
Quarry, game, a heap of dead game.
Quayed, quailed, or cowed.
Quell, to kill, to subdue.

Queme, to please, to gratify.
Quich, to stir, to move, to
 give signs of life.
Quight, to requite, to repay.
Quinch, to stir, to move.
Quit claim, to release.
Quip, to taunt, to jeer.
Quooke, quaked.

RAIL, to pour down.
Rakehell, worthless, rascally.
Randon, random.
Rascal, base, villanous.
Rash, to tear violently.
Rashly, hastily, suddenly.
Rath, early, soon.
Raught, reached.
Ray, to beray, to streak.
Rayons, rays.
Read, or *rede*, to advise.
Re-ally, to rally.
Reame, realm, kingdom.
Rechless, reckless, careless.
Recoil, to retire, to withdraw.
Recoure, to recover.
Recuile, to recoil.
Recule, to turn back, to retire.
Recure (see also *Recoure*), to
 recover.
Redoubted, dreaded.
Redounding, redundant.
Regiment, government, com-
 mand.
Relate, to bring back.
Relide, joined himself.
Relieve, to awake.
Relive, to revive, to bring to
 life again.
Renning, running.
Renowned, renowned.
Renverst, reversed.
Reprieved, reproved.
Reprize, to take again.
Resiant, resident.
Resolve, to dissolve, to melt.
Retrait, a picture, a portrait.
Reverse, to bring back.

Revert, to return.
Revest, re-clothe.
Rew, row (see also *Arew*).
Riotise, riotousness.
Rivage, shore.
Roine, to growl.
Rood, the cross.
Rote, a musical instrument.
Rove, to shoot.
Rown, to whisper.
Rules, unruly, lawless, un-
 controllable.
Rutty, rooty.

SACRED, enchanted, holy.
Sad, grave, heavy, melan-
 choly, dull.
Saine, to say:
Salied, leaped, sallied.
Salued, saluted.
Sam (see also *Ysame*), to-
 gether, collected.
Samite, silk-stuff.
Saw, sentence, saying, decree.
Say, a coarse stuff.
Say, assay, proof.
Scand, climbed.
Scarmoges, skirmishes.
Scern, to discern.
Scorse, exchange, inter-
 change.
Scrike, to shriek, to scream.
Scruze, to squeeze, to screw,
 to crush.
Scryde, descried.
Scryne, a desk, a coffer, a
 casket, a chest.
Sdain, disdain.
See, a seat, throne.
Selcouth, seldom known,
 strange.
Seneschal, house - steward,
 governor.
Sept, family.
Set by, to esteem, to value.
Shard, division, boundary,
 what is shared.

Sheen, shining, glistening, bright, glittering.

Shend, to rebuke, to disgrace, to reprove.

Shere, and *sheer*, transparent, bright, pure.

Shope, shaped, formed.

Shot in years, aged, advanced in life.

Shrift, confession.

Shright, shrieked.

Shright, a shriek.

Shrive, to take confession, or to confess.

Sib, related to.

Sicher, secure, certainly, sure.

Sickerness, security, certainty.

Siege, a seat, a throne.

Sient, a scion.

Sight, sighed.

Sin, since.

Singulfs, sobs.

Sir, a title given to priests.

Sithe, time.

Sits, suits.

Skean, a knife, a dagger.

Skill, to signify, to care for.

Skill, knowledge, acquirement, ability.

Sneb and *snib*, to snub, to check, to reprove.

Soil, spoil, dirt, mire.

Sold, pay, remuneration.

Soote, sweet.

Soothlich, soothly, truly.

Sort, company, society.

Sound, a swoon.

Sovenance, remembrance.

Space, to walk, to roam.

Spalles, the shoulders.

Spell, a charm, enchantment.

Spersed, dispersed, thin, scattered.

Spill, to spoil, to damage.

Spilt, inlaid, pieced.

Squib, a petty paltry trifling fellow.

Squire, a square, a rule.

Stales, decoys, baits, wantons

Stalled, stolen.

Stark, firm, strong, stiff.

Stead, place, station.

Steale, stale, handle.

Steane, a stone.

Sterve, to die.

Steven, noise, outcry.

Stint, to stop.

Stream, to send forth.

Strene, descent, race, strain.

Stress, distress.

Strich, the screech-owl, or stritch-owl.

Sty, to ascend, to fly up, to rise.

Sugred, sweet, agreeable.

Surbet, wearied, bruised.

Surquedry, pride, insolence.

Swain, a person, a youth, a labourer.

Swelt, fainted.

TARTARE, *Tartary*, and *Tartarus*, hell.

Tassel gent, the tiersel gentle, or male goshawk.

Teemed, in a team.

Teen, grief, sorrow, vexation.

Thee, or *thie*, to prosper, to thrive.

Thewed, mannered.

Thewes, endowments, manners, qualities.

Tho, then.

Thrall, a prisoner, a captive.

Thrall, to thrill, to pierce.

Thrillant, thrilling, piercing.

Thrilling, drilling, piercing.

Thristy, thirsty.

Throw, time, moment.

Throw, agony, struggle.

Tickle, unsure, unsteady.

Tine (see also *Teen*), sorrow, grief, vexation.

Tine, to kindle, to light, to excite.

Tire, rank, order, tier.

To, an augmentative.

Tobacco, a panacea.

Tooting, prying, looking.

Too-too, indicating excess.

Tort, injury, wrong.

Totty, unsteady, wavering, tottering.

Trade, tread, footsteps, custom.

Treachetour, a traitor, a trickster.

Treachour, a traitor.

Treaguc, a truce, a cessation of arms.

Treen, wooden, made of tree.

Trenchand, cutting.

Troud, and *trode*, a path made by treading.

Trow, to believe.

Tyranning, tyrannizing.

Twight (see also *Wite*), to blame, reproach.

UMBRIERE, the beaver of a helmet.

Unacquainted, strange.

Uncase, to unskin.

Underfong, to undertake, to take under hand.

Undertime, meal-time, dinner-time.

Uneath, uneasily, difficultly, scarcely.

Unhappy, wicked, mischievous, vicious.

Unhele (see also *Hele*), to uncover.

Unkind, unnatural, against kind or nature.

Unlich, unlike.

Unperfite, imperfect.

Unvary, unlooked for, not prepared for.

Unwist, unknown.

Upbrays, upbraidings, reproaches.

VALUE, valour, courage.

Ventayle, the breathing place of a helmet.

Vild, vile.

Virelays, spring-songs, shepherds' songs.

Visnomy, physiognomy.

WAIFT, a waif, a stray.

Wareless, unaware.

War-monger, a dealer in war.

Warn, to summon.

Warray, to war upon.

Warre, worse.

Watchet, light blue.

Water-chamelot, camlet watered or wavy.

Waves, waves.

Way, to go on the way.

Wayment, to lament, to grieve.

Wayment, lamentation.

Wearish, mischievous, evil disposed.

Weeting, witting, knowing.

Weft, wafted, waved, avoided.

Weft (see also *Waift*), a waif, a stray.

Weld, to wield, to manage.

Welk, to roll, to go down, to descend.

Welk, to decay, to lessen.

Well, to pour, to flow.

Wend, weened, thought.

Went, a path, a way, a course.

Whales bone, the bone of the sword-fish.

Whally, rolling.

What, fare, thing.

Whelky (see also *Welk*), twisted, rolled.

Where, place, situation.

Whether, who, which.

Whist, silenced.

Wight, quick, active, lithsome.

Wimble, sharp, keen.

Wimple, a veil.

Win out, to make way out.

Wisards, wise men.

Wite (see also *Wyte*), to reprove, to reproach, to blame.

Won, dwelling, habitation.

Won, for wont, accustomed.

Wonne, to dwell, to inhabit.

Wonning, a dwelling, abode.

Wood, mad, wild.

Woon (see also *Wonne*), to dwell, to inhabit.

Wreak, to reckon, to care for.

Wreak, revenge, vengeance.

Wreck, to wreak, to revenge, to avenge.

Wreck, or wrack.

Wroken, revenged.

Wyte (see also *Wite* and *Twight*), to reproach, to blame.

YDLESS, idleness.

Ydrad, dreaded.

Yearn (see also *Earne*), to earn, to gain.

Yede, to go.

Yfere, together, in company.

Yirk, to strike.

Ymolt, melted.

Yod (see also *Yede*), went.

Yolde, yielded.

Yond, savage, outrageous, uncontrollable.

Yongth, and *youngth*, youth.

Ysame (see also *Sam*), together, collected.

Ywis, certainly.

Ywrake, and *ywroke*, revenged.

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